

# Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1900

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## WHEN THE CRIMSON'S ON THE MAPLE

**W**HEN the crimson's on the maple, and the gold is on the corn,  
Arches of crystal amethyst the morning's gates adorn ;  
The altar-fires of sacrifice blaze forth on vale and bill,  
As summer yields her sweet breath up at the priestess Autumn's will.  
Oh, fair and white the birch's arms, as by the brook she grieves  
Among the quivering grasses and the stricken, biding leaves !  
Oh, low the plaintive requiem through woods of verdure shorn,  
When the crimson's on the maple, and the gold is on the corn.

When the crimson's on the maple, and the gold is on the corn,  
Sandaed with light the shining hours that speed the pallid morn.  
The sumach dons her scarlet, the clematis her snow,  
And all along the woodland path the leaves are lying low.  
The bees forsake the clover, and begin their droning flight,  
While pendent from the berry-bush hang globes of ruby light.  
The chestnut burrs are dropping, from their leafy screen wind-torn,  
When the crimson's on the maple, and the gold is on the corn.

When the crimson's on the maple, and the gold is on the corn,  
In pillared chambers of the west the evening star is born ;  
And heavy hang the purple vines along the gray stone-wall,  
While near the reedy marsh-pool the bullfrogs splash and call.  
The torches of the golden-rod are glowing in the green ;  
The trees, like flaming seneschals, stand forth in ruddy sheen ;  
The swallow's nest hangs empty, all songless and forlorn,  
When the crimson's on the maple, and the gold is on the corn.

When the crimson's on the maple, and the gold is on the corn,  
A stealthy, hoary silversmith comes crisping twig and thorn.  
The last pale aster by the road bends low her stricken head,  
And yonder, on a bier of moss, the forest ferns lie dead.  
Slowly the moon mounts golden stairs to her mid-heaven throne,  
Beholding thence a world at rest ; while in her cloister lone  
Kneels Night, a nun dark-hooded, telling her beads till morn,  
When the crimson's on the maple, and the gold is on the corn.

Written for Zion's Herald by  
Cora E. Sadler

E. L. Nooks



D. W. POTTER.

### Western Evangelists in New England

THROUGH the influence of Bishop Mallalieu, who is greatly burdened to see revival fires kindled in all our borders, the well-known Western evangelist, D. W. Potter, and his associate, P. B. Bilhorn, the celebrated singer of spiritual songs, are to labor for several months in New England. Mr. Potter, a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University, was formerly a successful banker. In response to an unmistakable Divine summons, confirmed by unusual success, he has for many years devoted himself to evangelistic work. Bishop Mallalieu, who knows him intimately, and has observed his work closely, commends him in the strongest terms to the confidence and sympathetic support of our ministers and churches. Rev. Dr. William McDonald writes of him: "I know Mr. Potter of Chicago. He has attended camp-meetings that I have conducted, and preached and otherwise aided in the services. I have heard him well spoken of by the brethren of Chicago as an efficient laborer. I regard him as a safe and able worker." Mr. Bilhorn is commended as an especially gifted singer of the gospel of salvation, and a man whose spirit of humility, personal consecration and devotion deeply impress all who hear and see him. We have taken pains to make personal inquiries in regard to these evangelists and have received only favorable reports.

They were announced to commence their work, Oct. 7, in Somerville, the four Methodist churches of the city uniting. The first service was with Park Ave. Church, West Somerville. The editor of the HERALD was present. Mr. Bilhorn was not able to accompany his associate from Chicago on account of illness, but is expected to arrive by the middle of the week. Mr. Potter preached on Heaven, based on John

14: 2. Having read his text, he stepped to the side of the pulpit and, without manuscript or notes, delivered an interesting and forceful sermon of about forty-five minutes in length. He asked and answered the following inquiries: Where is heaven? What is in heaven? What is our employment there? Shall we know each

other there? His preaching is simple, Scriptural and convincing. The "thus saith the Lord" is conclusive proof of the truth. There was, at this service, no effort to be oratorical or dramatic, and a refreshing freedom from the overwrought storytelling of the ordinary evangelist. He is calm, deliberate, and self-controlled, evidently a man of implicit faith in the great fundamental truths of our Methodism.

The impression made upon the writer was decidedly favorable, and we prophesy that the work of these evangelists among us will be productive of great good.

On Sunday evening Mr. Potter preached at the First Church, Union Square, where the services will be held afternoon and evening. A congregation of fully one thousand people greeted the evangelist, and he delivered an excellent sermon from Heb. 11: 23-25. In conducting the altar services, at which he is a master, fourteen people, mainly adults, expressed the purpose to begin the Christian life.

### Anti-Profanity Society

LAST Sunday [Sept. 23] the Holy Name Societies of the Catholic churches of Brooklyn paraded the streets of that city to the number of about twenty thousand men. These societies pledge their members not to profane the Holy Name. In short, they are anti-profanity or anti-blasphemy societies. The streets were crowded along the line of their march, and the influence must have been wholesome even to those not affiliated with them. One great evil of American society is profanity. It seems to be more prevalent here than in most countries. It is not confined to classes, and is not particularly evoked by occasions, but is habitual. Of course the Holy Name Societies protest against it on moral and religious grounds; but leaving those entirely out of consideration, the habit is not only foolish, but coarse and vulgar in the extreme. Many employ it by way of punctuation or accentuation. Others attempt to make up for their poverty of wit by the use of oaths, and thus betray their foolishness even more glaringly. In neither instance is there justification or excuse. — *Boston Transcript*.



*P. B. Bilhorn.*



# Zion's Herald

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

### Triumph of American Diplomacy

The appearance of the United States as an arbiter in the affairs of China was far from pleasing to Europe. While forced to recognize for a time that our interests were identical with those of the other nations whose legations were endangered, there were many covert allusions to the inexperience of Americans and their lack of diplomatic training. The issue of the wise and statesmanlike policy with which the Administration conducted its affairs during those perilous days of the early summer did not suffice to bring Europe to its senses, and President McKinley's attitude towards China after the rescue of the legations was severely criticised. Just how far our suggestions really ran counter to those of Russia and Germany, as originally formulated, is not known; but according to the latest advices both these nations were quick to recognize the strength of our position, and, whatever their original intentions may have been, there is no longer any doubt that, in the main, they agree with us. Patiently listening to every other Power, the President has kept steadily to his original purpose and led the way to a better understanding. The United States has won in a new field, and it has won by maintaining traditions that are as old as the nation and distinctively American.

### Signs of Continued Prosperity

Four years ago two-thirds of the railway mileage of the United States was in the hands of receivers, and there was widespread distrust among the stockholders. Gradually a better condition has been brought about, and now there are very few roads that are not able to manage their own affairs without recourse to the courts. Such a change could only be made possible by a large increase in the volume of business and improved management. It is fortunate that these two advantages should have come at the same time, and it means a great deal to the people of the United States. Railway finance has been improved, better methods have been adopted, and the whole system of railroading has been recast. These changes have contributed largely to the increase in dividends to which each new quarter of the present year has made additions. The total dividend payments

on railroads and miscellaneous shares of public prominence for the quarter ending Oct. 30 is more than double that of the corresponding quarter in 1896, and exceeds \$30,000,000. Four years ago the par value of dividend-paying stocks was \$772,000,000, but the third quarter of 1900 saw dividends paid on stocks whose par value amounted to \$1,622,000,000—an increase of 110 per cent. Comparing the first ten months of 1896 with the corresponding period of 1900, it is found that the dividends of the former year were only \$344,000,000, while those of the latter year were \$522,000,000. Invested capital has no reason to complain. Its first and chief duty is to see that labor has its full share of this unbounded prosperity.

### Seventy-four Million Barren Acres

The United States Government owns 74,000,000 acres of land which is now unproductive, and which must remain so unless some adequate plan for irrigation be adopted. The enormous expense such an undertaking would involve takes it out of the domain of private enterprise, while other obstacles lie in the way of any State or States that might be willing to enter upon the work. After careful investigation by men familiar with the country, a committee of the National Irrigation Association has evolved a plan for making these arid lands as productive as any in the West, and thus furnishing homes for a population larger than that of any State in the Union. The first impression of any such recommendation will be unfavorable because of so many unfortunate and unsuccessful enterprises in which the Government has been involved, but if the plan could be carried out in good faith, it would repay the expense in a very few years. The recommendation is that all the public lands be placed in trusteeship, to be sold only to actual settlers for a fair price; that no further grants be made either to States or corporations; and that federal storage reservoirs be constructed to conserve waters that now run to waste. As the Government now owns the land, and as all the benefits from its reclamation might be made to contribute to the national revenues (reimbursing all the expenditures with a liberal allowance for interest), it would be a good investment, if it could be honestly managed. The area involved is nearly double that of New England.

### Loubet's Counter-Stroke

The Nationalists are in power in Paris, and they planned a demonstration against the Government. The president of the municipality invited the fifteen thousand mayors of communes to a grand banquet, but only sixteen hundred accepted. This coming to the ears of President Loubet, he promptly set a back fire on his opponents

by inviting the mayors and other public officials to a *déjeuner* in the Tuilleries Gardens. All the leading caterers were requisitioned, and 23,000 people were handsomely fed. The weather was favorable, and Loubet improved the opportunity to give some good counsel, which is not likely to be lost. For once he has shown that there is a power outside of Paris with which the opposition must reckon. Paris may seek revenge, but it will move very cautiously after the overwhelming victory achieved by the Government. It is not easy to see how the response on the part of the country at large can be interpreted as other than a remarkable proof of its devotion to republican institutions. The outlook for the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry is very much improved, and there is evidence of a better tone even in Paris. An allusion in the address of the President leaves the impression that there is no political capital to be made by shouting for the army as against the Republic; and if that is true France has reason to congratulate itself. If the alarming rumors of trouble to follow the close of the Exposition have no base except in a desire to discredit the Government, and if the President and his cabinet can keep in touch with the French people, there is no cause for anxiety. There have been many surprises in the political affairs of France, but few have been more marked than the success of the present ministry.

### Elections in Great Britain

Five years ago the Fourteenth Parliament of Victoria's reign met for the first time. The House of Commons was composed of 340 Conservatives, 71 Liberal-Unionists, 177 Liberals, 81 Parnellites, and 11 Anti-Parnellites. As the Liberal-Unionists have acted with the Conservatives, it will be seen that the Government has an overwhelming majority. Indeed, it is claimed that it has been embarrassed because the majority has been so large. During the last five years new elections to fill vacancies have somewhat reduced the Government's lead, but at no time have the Liberals shown any popular following. In dissolving Parliament and appealing to the electors, the ministry never had any reason to doubt the result. Parliaments may run for seven years, but by a new election the present ministry will get a new lease of life, and the present condition of political affairs may undergo great changes within the next two years. The only issue is the war in the Transvaal, and the elections thus far fail to show any pronounced sentiment against the war itself, although there is some evidence that criticism of the methods employed may reduce the Government's majority. The elections are not all held at the same time, but



must be held during the present month, since Parliament is called to meet on Nov. 1. The candidates elected up to this writing indicate a majority for the Salisbury Ministry, which, while it may not be quite as large as that of the last five years, will be large enough for all practical purposes, and will give the Conservatives good reason for claiming that their policy is preferred before that of the opposition.

#### Spain Wants a Navy

In the present condition of her finances it is a matter of surprise to learn that Spain is planning for a new navy. According to a Madrid despatch, when the Cortes reassembles Premier Silvela will submit estimates for building eight first-class battle-ships of 12,000 tons each, eight cruisers of the first class, and the same number of second-class cruisers, with a large number of torpedo gunboats. The battle-ships will be built abroad, but all the other vessels will be built in Spain. Such a fleet would be a very considerable addition to any navy, and would make Spain a very respectable naval power, provided always that she were able to man them and to handle them. It is at this point that Spain is exceptionally weak. Her shipbuilders are thoroughly competent to meet the demands which the construction of such a large number of ships would make upon them, but experience has shown that she cannot expect to find Spanish sailors to man them or Spanish seamen to sail and to fight them. Spaniards no longer look to the sea for a career, and the Spanish merchant service is insignificant and unimportant. It would be a waste of money for the nation to attempt such an ambitious program as that about to be proposed by the Government.

#### Union of Latin Races

Closely connected with the suggestion of the Spanish Ministry for a new navy comes the announcement that most of the South American Republics have accepted an invitation to participate in the Spanish-American Congress which will meet in Madrid, Nov. 11. The purpose of this convention is the formation of an alliance, economic, political, and possibly military, of all the nations of Latin origin. Naturally Spain has special interest in such a movement, and Portugal has been quite as active in promoting it, because of the fear that her colonial possessions may be alienated from her. Italy is not as pronounced in her expressions, but her sympathies are naturally with those of Spain and Portugal; and it is predicted that if the movement shows any promise of success France will put herself at the head of it. It is a fact that, in spite of the perpetual quarrels of the South American Republics, they are practically united in their support of the interests, prejudices and sympathies of the Latin races as against the Anglo-Saxon. Our recent war with Spain showed very clearly that the white population from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn was sympathizing with Spain, and not with the United States. There is no danger that either the United States or Great Britain will ever take any action that will be sufficiently pronounced to drive these Latin States into a hostile

union, and all that is likely to come from the present movement is a closer commercial agreement. Great Britain is, therefore, much more concerned than the United States, for her South American trade is exceedingly valuable.

#### Electric Street Railways

The development of electric transit has progressed with a rapidity little short of marvelous. Ten years ago it was hardly more than a dream. Now about sixty thousand street cars are running over nearly twenty thousand miles of railway, and the total capital stock exceeds eighteen million dollars. Nearly all the horses have been unharnessed and relieved of the work of drawing cars through the streets. It is said there are only eight miles of street railways in New England that now use horses, and less than five hundred miles in the United States. The interest which New England has taken in this development is indicated by the fact that this part of the country has about three thousand miles of electric railways, and that it holds about one-fifteenth of all the capital stock and funded debt of the entire system. Massachusetts is credited with about 1,700 miles of street railway, and is still planning for more. In the West the street railways are used for carrying freight to a very large extent, but in New England they carry very little.

#### Krueger's Long Resistance

It was a year ago last Tuesday that President Krueger sent his ultimatum to Great Britain. Nobody believed at the time that two insignificant Dutch Republics would be able to hold the British Empire in check for a whole year, for modern wars are short. In 1859 Austria surrendered to France and Italy after only three months of fighting, and in 1866 she yielded to Prussia and Italy after a contest of six weeks. The Franco-Prussian war of 1870-'71 lasted nine months, and the war between Russia and Turkey in 1877 was of about the same length. Japan and China, in 1894-'95, came to terms after eight months of fighting, and when Greece went to war with Turkey, in 1897, the contest was ended in a single month. Three months after the United States declared war against Spain the negotiations for peace were begun. The South African Republic and the Orange Free State have ceased to be, and Great Britain now possesses the sovereignty which she is likely to retain for many generations. It will be many years before there will be anything like acquiescence on the part of the subjugated Boers, but no resistance will avail them. The war is ended, and while there may be fighting for many months, Great Britain is amply justified in proclaiming that those who now resist her authority cannot claim the rights of belligerents.

#### Russia's New Cruiser

The Cramp Shipbuilding Company secured a contract from Russia for a cruiser to make an average of twenty-three knots an hour for twelve consecutive hours. At the time the contract was made there were many experts, and some of these were Russian experts, who openly declared that the requirements were unattainable. A

trial was had off the New England coast last July, and although the cruiser showed a speed of 24.6 knots, an accident prevented her meeting the twelve-hour test. Last week she had another trial and averaged 23½ knots for the whole twelve hours. She not only has remarkable speed and stability, but the latest trial shows that she has a steaming radius of six thousand miles. That is, she can steam that distance without stopping to replenish her coal. This is a full thousand miles more than the contract demanded. The speed of the modern ships of war is kept up to that of the fastest steamers of the merchant service, and America's latest contribution to the navies of the world will be duplicated by France and Germany on the same lines. Russian officers are enthusiastic in their praise of this American-built ship. When the rehabilitation of our navy began we had to send abroad for much of the material; but in less than twenty years we have reached a point where we can successfully compete with the shipbuilders of the whole world.

#### Occupation of Shan-Hai-Kwan

The Powers have secured a base of supplies for their troops in northern China by taking possession of the port of Shan-hai-kwan, which is the natural port of Peking. Tien-Tsin is better adapted to the Chinese system of distribution on account of its situation at the head of navigation on the Pei-Ho, because this distribution is carried on by Chinese junks; but it is ill suited to the demands of the allies at this time. The Chinese commander made no resistance. He probably recognized the fact that such resistance would be useless, as an open port, with plenty of water, is absolutely essential for the foreign men-of-war. The place is now garrisoned by foreign troops, and, having possession of the railway to Taku and Peking, there will be no further interruption of communication.

#### Opening the Australian Parliament

On the recommendation of Lord Salisbury, the Queen has given assent to the proposition to send the Duke and Duchess of York to open the first session of the Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth in her name. A royal yacht, convoyed by a squadron of fast cruisers, will be despatched in a few weeks. Landing at Freemantle, the party will proceed to Melbourne, where Parliament is to assemble, and after the opening ceremonies will lay the foundation of the new Parliament Houses in the federal capital, and will then visit each of the six colonies in turn. The Queen has been prompt to seize the first opportunity to give expression to her grateful sense of the splendid loyalty of the new commonwealth, as evidenced in its hearty support of the war in the Transvaal; and the Imperialists have not been slow to recognize the fact that by giving Australia their most hearty support, they will make this new empire of the Pacific a loyal and devoted ally. The commonwealth is starting upon its course with all the signs of coming greatness, and with all the auguries distinctly in its favor. It is thirty-three years since the federation of Canada was achieved, and she had no such royal christening as Australia is promised. Great Britain has found out



that the largest liberty means the soundest loyalty, and Canada has been helpful in teaching her the lesson. Possibly, on their return, the Duke and Duchess of York may pay a visit to Canada as an acknowledgment of her good work.

#### New Hampshire's Population

The increase in the population of New Hampshire, according to the latest census, is 35,058, bringing the number of inhabitants up to 411,588. The census of 1890 found a population of 376,530, which was an increase of 8.51 per cent. during the preceding ten years; but the per cent. of increase between 1890 and 1900 amounts to 9.31, and exceeds that of any enumeration since 1850. As was to be expected, the cities all show marked increases in population, but that the gain has been well distributed is evident from the fact that only two counties in the State (Belknap and Carroll) have a smaller number of inhabitants now than they had ten years ago. Arkansas was the first State to have her census completed, and the announcement of the result was a disappointment to her; New Hampshire is the second State, and from the numerical point of view she had no reason to be disappointed. The census of 1860 showed a gain of only about 2½ per cent., and that of 1870 showed about the same rate of loss. The last thirty years have wrought great changes in the character of the population, but they have put to flight all fears that the State is likely to be depopulated. Indeed, the present indications are that the census of 1910 will show a much larger rate of increase than that of 1900.

#### Continuation of the Coal Strike

Another week has passed without producing any change in the strike in the anthracite coal regions. Except for the refusal of the employees of the Markles to accept arbitration according to an agreement of long standing, the miners have done little to provoke hostile criticism. This refusal was disgraceful to the miners and discouraging to the public. The main point is not affected by it, for the grievances of the other miners are real and should be redressed. The offer of an advance of ten per cent. in wages does not meet the real difficulties, which are far too complicated to be removed by a single stroke. If the operators are to recover this advance by increasing the price of coal to the consumers, it is evident they have yielded nothing. The powder question ought to be settled; and the public will be slow to believe that it is necessary to teach the miners economy by charging them \$2.50 for powder which can be bought for one dollar, or even less. If the operators are relying on hunger to bring the miners to terms, the public will be quick to see that this will only postpone a settlement that must be made eventually, and that would better be made now that the same public has already been taxed thousands of dollars in the increased cost of coal. As to the recognition or non-recognition of the Miners' Union, that does not appeal to the public. The Union is apparently able to survive non-recognition, and an equitable adjustment of known grievances is the chief point at issue. So far as public sentiment

is reflected in the press there appears to be a very decided opinion that all differences should be finally and satisfactorily settled, once for all, and that any temporary expedients are out of place. The miners have been called together in a mass meeting to vote on the question of accepting the ten per cent. increase in wages which most of the operators are ready to pay.

#### Increase of Statutory Crimes

The fact that it took thirty thousand pages to record the new legislation of the forty-five States in the Union, during the years 1897 and 1898, making offenses illegal which could not have been committed a score of years ago, is evidence that the increase of crime must be estimated by the advancement made in inventions and the progress of civilization. Some of the States affix heavy penalties for "stealing a ride." Others have kept their penalty lists fully abreast of all the new modes of transportation. New York makes it a penal offense for any person, not a physician, to have in his possession any narcotic capable of producing stupor with intent to use it without the advice of a licensed practitioner. Cocaine may not be sold without a prescription in Colorado, Illinois, Louisiana and Massachusetts; and South Carolina punishes by a fine of one hundred dollars, or imprisonment for one hundred days, any person who is found peddling medicine within her limits. Electricity is responsible for many legal offenses that were unknown twenty years ago. The bicycle has added many legal crimes to our revised catalogue, and the same is true of many other inventions. The large increase of crimes against property is, for the most part, to be charged against legal, rather than ethical, violations of law. The crimes of savagery are dealt with after an intelligent fashion in most of the civilized world; but the ingenuity which has given us many valuable conveniences of life has not yet succeeded in formulating consistent or uniform laws against the excessive, untimely, wrong or hurtful use of them.

#### Crusade against Intoxicating Liquor in Maine

When a prominent member of the Republican National Committee declares that it is time for the party to enforce the prohibitory law in his own State of Maine, and the largest and most important county in that State elects as its sheriff a member of the Prohibition Party, the liquor-dealers and the advocates of prohibition are quick to read the handwriting on the wall. Cumberland County has just collected \$34,000 in fines under the prohibition law, and if the liquor-dealers ever had any intention to defy the latest expression of public sentiment against them, they appear to have abandoned it. Judge Emery has just sent four liquor-dealers to the Aroostook County jail. Calais has decreed that illegal liquor-sellers must go out of business or into jail, and there is other evidence that some good work has been done in awakening public sentiment. It is a remarkable coincidence that New York city is very much wrought up because of the attitude of Bishop Potter against the unblushing violation of the excise and other laws, and Tammany Hall is begin-

ning to consider the advisability of donning something like a respectable garb. The futility of all laws for the regulation or suppression of the liquor traffic, unless public sentiment is kept at the highest pitch, is shown with equal force, just at this time, both in the crowded city of New York and the sparsely settled State of Maine.

#### American Manufactures

During the first eight months of the present year the exports of manufactured goods amounted to \$304,000,000, while during the first eight months of 1896 they were valued at only \$163,000,000. In the importation of raw material there has been even a larger proportional increase, for while we imported such material to the value of about \$100,000,000 during the first eight months of 1895, we imported more than twice that amount during the same period of the present year. The value of hides and skins imported has risen from \$13,176,281 for the first eight months of 1896, to \$36,961,011 for the first eight months of the present year; raw silk from \$8,732,863 to \$24,615,716; crude rubber from \$9,346,858 to \$19,988,630; and fibres from \$8,932,806 to \$19,771,035. The largest increase of exportation is found in the products of iron and steel, which during the periods named has risen from \$29,957,090 to \$87,174,389; copper, which shows exports to the value of \$41,830,330 as against \$17,872,807; and agricultural implements, which have risen from \$4,007,772 to \$13,854,774.

#### Events Worth Noting

Dead bodies are still being recovered in Galveston at the rate of twenty-five or thirty daily, and the death-roll will exceed seven thousand, of which more than five thousand were killed within the city limits.

After heavy fighting with the Ashantis, last week, the British succeeded in occupying the village of Isansu, and drove the natives from three other villages, which were then burned.

Since August, 1899, British agents have shipped from New Orleans to Cape Town 15,000 horses and 42,000 mules. Other purchases have been made for the British army in the neighborhood, and the total disbursements are said to have exceeded ten million dollars.

The population of Arkansas is officially announced to be 1,311,564 — an increase of 183,385 during the last ten years. The population had been estimated as exceeding 1,500,000.

The American troops are being withdrawn from China and sent to Manila, but a force of 1,800 men will be left to guard the legation.

After a successful voyage of six months, Lieut. Amsdrup's expedition has returned to Copenhagen, having charted the whole east coast of Greenland from Cape Farewell to Franz Josef Land, and having explored the region from Cape Dalton to Aggas Island.

The revenues of the Philippine Islands, for the first seven months of 1899, amounted to \$2,095,335; for the corresponding period of the present year they amounted to \$4,782,080.

There seems to be no doubt that Captain Shields, with about sixty men of the Twenty-ninth Infantry, has been captured by rebels on Marinduque Island, about forty miles from Luzon. A relief force is now searching for them.



## THE CHRISTIAN'S BUSINESS

A LADY reported to her husband that she had met Uncle John Vassar — as he was familiarly called — in a railway station, and that while she was waiting for her train he had very earnestly urged her to begin a religious life. The husband replied: "If I had been there, I would have told him to go about his business." "If you had heard him," the wife said, "you would have thought he *was* about his business."

This incident helps in understanding how it was that this simple layman, without special natural or educational advantages, was able to win many thousands of souls to Christ. He impressed people to whom he spoke that it was his one business to persuade men to follow Christ, and that he was utterly absorbed in his vocation. He was not doing his work professionally, but with all his heart.

A little child, at whose home a Christian gentleman was temporarily stopping, came to his mother and asked to whom Mr. — was talking. The mother, knowing the guest to be alone, replied that he was not talking with any one. "But, mamma," he said, "I heard him speaking to somebody, and he was very earnest." To gratify the child, she went out into the hall, where she heard the voice of her guest evidently absorbed in prayer as though pleading with a friend face to face.

Herein is the secret of prevailing prayer. And in the opposite of these two cases is the reason of so much of failure in religious work. The actor expressed the difference when he said to the minister: "You present the truth to the people as though it were fiction. We actors present fiction as though it were truth."

CHINA MISSIONS -- AND MIS-  
SIONS

THE old readers of prophecy have generally limited its maps to the Jews, the Church, and the Roman Empire. As history unfolds itself we are reminded that prophecy speaks, too, of "the kings" and "tribes of the whole world." Distant China, with her effete and the terrible scenes enacted within her borders, must surely have come under the Divine outlook.

A portion of the secular press points to the missionaries as the primary cause of this diabolic outburst of wrath and blood-thirstiness. Are missions, then, to cease? One of our writers pointed out, some years ago, that what is called in church history "the spread of Christianity," is only another name for foreign missions, and that they have been in progress from the day of Pentecost to this hour. Surely, then, the command, "Go ye into all nations and disciple them" (literal reading), must be carried on to the end of time. Each generation as it arises is prone to need discipling afresh lest it backslide.

But there are missions — and missions, in China. The character of one set is to hold up Jesus Christ as the Saviour of China as well as the rest of the world; to teach it the reading of the Scriptures; to educate its children; to minister to its sick and sorrowful. The character of the other set is to swell the number of bap-

tisms till this year it claims 10,000 in Shantung alone, and 20,000 in four districts, so that it exultingly claims more adherents than in all other missions combined. How far it has deteriorated from its pioneer missionary, Francis Xavier, of the sixteenth century! He was possessed with a burning zeal for the salvation of souls, and his mission work in the Orient was marvelous, leaving whole populations converted not only in name through the baptismal office, but likewise changed from wicked lives to godly ones. The most cherished enterprise of Xavier's heart was to preach the Gospel in China; but death overtook him on the mountainous island of Sancion on the Chinese coast.

Xavier was raised to a saint of the Roman calendar, and his church set about accomplishing the mission on which he had embarked. How it has lacked his spirit present-day history tells. The Italian press (says Rev. Alexander Robertson, D. D., of Venice) is apt to read the Roman policy right, and it brings serious charges against the papal church in China, holding it, in fact, largely responsible for the outrages that have roused the interference of European Powers. "The system of political meddling it is, that, lying at the bottom of all papal propaganda, is exactly that which irritates the Chinese people," is what it enlarges on. The Pope's organs vainly deny the charge, but facts speak for themselves.

Through the help of the French minister in China, priests have obtained an official position that enables them to confer judicial benefits on their own converts, while others reap losses. French treaties provide that priests shall have the rank of "Wang," or viceroys. These rank next to the Emperor, and have access to those in authority that consuls have not; they have the position and power of the highest mandarins. The priests can, therefore, protect the interests of their people, having even the privilege of arming them, if necessary, for defense from molestation. For this work they are not loth.

Rev. W. O. Ellerich, of Chefoo, says: "Their business is really to look after lawsuits. . . . they will back up the cases before the native official, and if he refuses, threaten him with the power of the country." Rev. F. M. Royal says: "They sit in judgment in the case of a convert and practically control the decision. . . . This favoritism is the cause of very much of the prejudice against Christians, and even of the Boxer outbreak." Another missionary says that "the only parts of this province which have been exempt from disturbances are those sections where there are no Roman Catholics!"

Once aroused against the papal injustice, one can understand how these ignorant, indiscriminating people would treat all Christians alike, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, as "foreign devils," and their converts as participating with them. Rev. I. T. Headland, of Pekin University, writes strongly: "The Roman Catholic priests are the cause of the trouble. . . . The secret societies of Boxers were created to resist the injustice of the priests in favoring their converts in the law-courts, and the word means, 'Peace and righteousness to be secured by

force!'" An eminent authority, whose name we are not permitted to give, fully confirms this statement.

Lord Salisbury must have had this in view when he said lately: "There is no nation in the world so indifferent on the subject of religion as the Chinese. It is because they have got the idea that missionary work is a mere instrument of the secular government in order to achieve the object it has in view." The Pope is quite aware of the fact, for, on sending for Sir Rutherford Alcock on his way back to his consulate, and asking him why it was the Chinese persecuted the priests, Sir Rutherford answered: "It is because of their assumption of political power!" But, deprived of his old-time temporal power at home, the poor "prisoner of the Vatican" (as he styles himself) works for the accession of any political power his agents can obtain in far-away countries.

Christians studying cause and effect may see another deep-seated reason, apart from human ones, for this pouring forth of judgment — the foisting of opium grown in the fields of India upon China by England. This from the time of the war of 1842, known as the "opium war," which helped to turn Livingstone's steps from China to Africa. The mill of expiation is slow to be set in motion, but the grinding comes in God's time. Oh, that the Almighty Voice might say that it is enough, and that a second "Chinese Gordon" might be sent to still with his powerful, magnetic hand this violent raging of the heathen — Gordon, whose character, unfolded by his mere presence, suppressed the formidable Tai-ping rebellion in 1863 more surely than did the army he disciplined. His character seemed to be reflecting itself on Li Hung Chang (the same man who is now plenipotentiary), and so wrought on the native soldier, that he was even proud to be considered in his uniform "imitation foreign devil." Afterwards he drove out from his room the bearer of the 10,000 taels sent him by the Chinese Government as a reward. And when the Regent of China sent a letter to his Queen asking that she reward him, he would have none from her, saying simply: "I have just done my duty."

Even should no second "Chinese Gordon" arise, we can leave this matter with God. Missionaries who have fallen at their posts are saints, leaving an example that others walk in their steps. Their martyred blood will as of yore prove "the seed of the church," just as many consider that "the plague and famine in India are missionary factors, breaking down caste and making men think."

"Thou hast not failed! When holy love and truth

Contend with evil, failure cannot be!  
Their sorest scars claim reverence, not ruth,

Their worst repulse is still a victory.  
Thou well-beloved, who didst bend the knee

In pure self-sacrifice to meet God's frown,  
Kneeling, wert circled with the martyr's crown."

Habits, like clothes, sometimes need to be changed or discarded. The spirit of a good man is constantly growing better, and as it grows better some of the ways of the old life get too shabby for it, or may be too



soiled, and the soul cries out for a cleaner, wholer, better dress of conduct. That is the time when one feels an uneasiness to mend his ways, and cannot rest until his outward conduct better befits the development of his spirit.

### An Important Call to Prayer

FOR several years the cabinet of the First General Conference District of the Epworth League has wisely appointed a special season of prayer for our Leagues in this district. In many places meetings have been held and extra efforts put forth that have accomplished lasting good. We are confident that if our pastors would personally take hold of such a season this year, it would be greatly blessed to the good of the churches in our midst. We are gratified to learn, therefore, that such an observance is recommended by the cabinet for this year, and that the week beginning with Oct. 28 is the time fixed upon. What better way or time for inaugurating the forward movement on a spiritual basis among our responsive Epworthians? We are unable to present our thought more cogently or earnestly than in this paragraph from President Freeman's letter in which he advises us of the appointment of the week:—

"The rising generation in our churches is the most moral, cultured, humane, and perhaps worshipful, the world has seen, but we lack tremendously the 'zeal for souls' that made our fathers great. A week of downright, earnest work in our churches this fall, in which the younger portion of the people should feel a special responsibility, might lift us all to a plane of greater usefulness."

### A Lesson of Civil Duty

THIS is suggested in the report from Galveston, which affirmed that after the great disaster, under military authority, every able-bodied man was called into service to clear and purify the streets, and "merchants, professional men, and accountants in the big offices stood side by side under the glare of the semi-tropical sun with draymen, longshoremen, mechanics, cotton rollers, and other elements of the day-laboring population, wielding axes, picks, mauls, shovels, spades, rakes, hoes, and any other implement that was available for the work in hand." A lesson which the people need to learn is that every man is under obligation to aid in the enforcement of law, the preservation of order, the establishment of justice, the preservation of health and good morals in the community. It is shameful and dangerous for men to stand with folded hands in the presence of violation of law, and worse when they clamor for the repeal of wholesome law simply because it is violated by the dangerous classes.

The safety of society depends upon the faithfulness of its members in the support of law. Men who wink at the violation of liquor laws, or, worse, aid and abet such violation, are strangely oblivious to the dangerous influence of such a course. Not the liquor laws, but law, is thereby dishonored. In the presence of perils which threaten the safety of the community every man, high or low, but especially the highest in moral and social rank, is under obligation to give active service in support of law, and to make sacrifice for its enforcement. High position is holy obligation.

What power would be added to the church if such practice prevailed in its service; if its members were, one and all, by the fact of membership, brought into active service; if, not here and there the few and zealous ones and the lowly and the poor, but the many, the educated, the rich, the high in social standing—if all, without regard to

calling or condition, were together ranged in the active forces for the world's uplift and transformation! That is what is needed.

There are moral evils to be removed, wrecks of humanity to be cleared away, the contagion of vice to be averted, the festering disease of sin to be resisted and destroyed. God's law and His church have a right to call upon every man—to force all into service for the salvation of the world. No talent is too great, no hand too delicate, no service too menial, for such a cause. When thus the church responds to the call, the plague will be stayed, the world restored.

### A Warning with a Speedy Sequel

IN our issue of Sept. 26 we published a warning to the public to the effect that R. Alonzo Scott, a colored man, traveling through the New England States and Canada, soliciting the privilege of speaking in our churches and taking collections to aid him in publishing a song-book, was a fraud, and totally unfit to be admitted to any of our pulpits. This statement was signed by Rev. P. A. Smith, of Richford, Vt. It appears that when the paper containing that warning reached Gardiner, Me., Mr. Scott was operating in that place as a Methodist minister from the South, speaking in the churches, where he made a favorable impression and secured generous collections not only from his audiences, but also considerable sums by private solicitation. But when the warning in ZION'S HERALD was read in Gardiner, it produced a profound sensation. Mr. Scott indignantly resented the allegations of Rev. P. A. Smith, pronouncing his statements false and scandalous, and finally issued a circular letter to the public, requesting his Gardiner accusers to ascertain the facts and then judge him accordingly. This remarkable letter contained a half-tone portrait of Mr. Scott.

Then came a strange development in the case. Mr. Scott wrote a letter to Rev. A. A. Lewis, the honored pastor of the Methodist Church in Gardiner, asking him to come to his room at the hotel and bring with him several men and a reporter of a newspaper, as he wished to make a full and frank confession of his past career, which "would be the death-knell to his reputation." His confession appears at length in the Boston *Globe* of Oct. 4. The substance of his story is that he is not a minister, that he is an inebriate, constantly yielding to his appetite for drink, and finally that he is a worse fraud than even Rev. P. A. Smith had charged. He confessed that since ZION'S HERALD had appeared in Gardiner, four days before, he had been upon a drunken debauch, having "drank over a gallon of liquor." He did not tell how he could secure liquor so freely in that prohibition State!

This case is given at length, with the hope that the lesson will be heeded by our ministers and churches. It seems well-nigh impossible to protect our people from the multitude of roving, unauthorized and irresponsible men and women who go about fleecing the public. We are amazed that ministers will open their churches to strangers in this way. We have done our best to prevent it, only to be, oftentimes, harshly condemned for it. The majority of itinerant solicitors for funds are wholly unworthy of sympathy or support. They should be sharply challenged. Many carry credentials which are forged or secured from nerveless ministers who could not resist them. Several of the worst cases we have ever known were not Negroes, but white men, "men of the cloth," bearing certification from Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There is need of rigid reform, not only in the freedom with which

churches welcome these men, but in the way that good men give credentials which enable this class of traveling frauds to feed upon a credulous public. We confess, however, that we have little hope of preventing this sort of thing. The great showman was right when he said that "the public like to be humbugged," and this seems especially true of the religious public. We shall not be at all surprised to hear that this same "Rev." R. Alonzo Scott is soon at his old tricks again in some remote part of the United States or Canada. Meantime Rev. P. A. Smith deserves heartiest commendation for bringing his wicked career to an end in our borders.

### PERSONALS

—Rev. Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Butler left Newton Centre last week Saturday on their return trip to Mexico.

—Hon. Isaac Stephenson, the benefactor of Lawrence University, is likely to be sent to the United States Senate.

—We are gratified to learn that Dr. S. L. Baldwin, who is at Clifton Springs Sanitarium, is steadily improving in health.

—The heartily concur with Dr. C. H. Stewart, of Cleveland, who believes that small Methodist appointments should be put into old-fashioned circuits.

—Dr. W. H. W. Rees has been transferred to the Detroit Conference and appointed pastor at Adrian, Mich. This is one of the strong churches of the State.

—The *Epworth Herald* of last week says: "Mr. W. R. Moody preached in his father's Chicago church last week to a great throng of people. But he is not of his father's quality, and never will be."

—Rev. G. B. Nind, who has been of great service in connection with mission work among the Portuguese in this country, is under appointment for the African field, and will work under the direction of Bishop Hartzell.

—The *California Christian Advocate* presents, in its last issue, the genial face of Rev. W. M. Sterling, presiding elder of the San Diego District, Southern California Conference. He is pleasantly remembered in New England in the communities where he so faithfully labored.

—Mrs. Anna Gould Hough, widow of the late Rev. A. M. Hough, of the Southern California Conference, gave \$5,000 to the superannuate fund of that Conference at its recent session held in Los Angeles. This makes in all about \$20,000 which Mr. and Mrs. Hough have given to this cause during the past three years.

—Miss Isabel F. Horton, of Troy, N. Y., has sailed on the steamer "Ponce" for San Juan, Porto Rico, where she will at once enter upon mission work. Miss Horton goes out under the auspices of the deaconess bureau of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. Miss White, another deaconess, is already on the ground, and the two will work under Rev. Dr. C. W. Drees, superintendent of missions.

—Rev. Dr. B. F. Rawlins, after fifty-one years in active work, several years as assistant editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, at the recent session of the Indiana Conference went upon the "retired list." A friend, writing of the scene when he addressed the Conference, says: "His remarks were touching in the extreme. Tears flowed down the cheeks of many, and as he recounted the hardships of his life in the service, there was not a listener that was not moved to sympathy for him and his kind. When the last words fell from his lips, the song, 'God be with you till we



meet again,' was started, and the genial Doctor was surrounded by his brethren, old and young, each eager to grasp his hand and wish him rest and happiness. To each he responded with a 'God bless you!'

—Rev. Dr. Hugh Johnston, pastor of the First Church, Baltimore, has returned from his trip abroad in vigorous health.

—We regret to learn that Bishop Ninde is unable to preside at the Rock River Conference, now in session. Bishop Merrill has taken his place.

—Rev. Dr. J. M. Thoburn, Jr., has been transferred from Detroit to Pittsburg Conference and stationed at Calvary Church, Allegheny City, Pa.

—Rev. W. F. King, D. D., president of Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, who was a delegate to the International Conference of Higher Education, recently held in Paris, has just returned.

—An artistic calendar for 1901, illustrated with the artist's own exquisite charcoal sketches, has been designed and published by Mrs. Mary Conkey Haddock, wife of Rev. Dr. F. C. Haddock, of Lynn.

—Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Manly, of Chungking, China, whose escape down the Yangtse and safe arrival at Shanghai has been noted, reached San Francisco on the United States transport "Hancock," on Sept. 14.

—Rev. Ralph Gillam, the evangelist, who has assisted many of our pastors so satisfactorily in revival work, has removed to Hanson, Mass., where he may be addressed. He has at this writing a few open dates left.

—Rev. Paul C. Curnick, D. D., has been transferred from St. Paul Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, to Simpson Church, Detroit, Mich. Simpson is an important church, has 1,000 members, 250 in Epworth League, and 700 in Sunday-school.

—Rev. Thomas Harrison commences a series of revival services in the First Methodist Church, Galesburg, Ill., this week. Nov. 11 he begins services at Roberts Park Church, Indianapolis, where he had remarkable success fifteen years ago.

—A beautiful church wedding occurred in the Union Church at Spofford, N. H., Sept. 19, when Rev. G. L. Lowell, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Chesterfield, and Miss Winnie H. Rice were united in marriage, Rev. G. B. Goodrich officiating.

—Miss Laura Conger, daughter of the United States Minister to China, who has been with her father and mother in Pekin, had her last schooling at Lasell Seminary. When Dr. Bragdon last saw her in Pasadena, Cal., she was on her way back to China.

—Mrs. Obed Hall, widow of Obed Hall, many years a leader and worker in our church in Stamford, Vt., Troy Conference, died at the home of her son, Rev. A. E. Hall, in Williamstown, Mass., Oct. 7. She left two children—Rev. A. E. Hall, a superannuated member of the New England Southern Conference, and Mrs. Fayette Nichols, of Westboro.

—Methodism is well represented in the 10 officers of the Massachusetts Sunday-school Association elected at Pittsfield last week. Judge L. E. Hitchcock is president, Bishop Mallalieu is one of the vice-presidents, and Charles R. Magee is auditor. Among the executive committee appear the names of Rev. J. M. Leonard, Melrose; Rev. C. A. Littlefield, Chelsea; Robert F. Raymond, New Bedford; G. W. Penniman, Fall River; and H. L. Chipman, Sandwich.

—Rev. F. D. Bovard, now editor of the *California Christian Advocate*, was appointed last February, upon the death of Dr. F. J. Masters, superintendent of the Chinese

work in California. After he had made his report to the Conference at its recent session, Dr. Kummer arose and thrilled the Conference by an account of Dr. Bovard's heroism during the bubonic plague scare in San Francisco. Dr. Bovard had himself inoculated with the plague serum, in order that he might act as an intermediary between the Chinese and the Health Board. After the account, the Conference gave Dr. Bovard round after round of applause—a well-deserved tribute.

—Rev. C. W. Dockrill writes from Manchester, N. H., under date of Oct. 5: "Rev. Anson Case Coult, a faithful and honored member of the New Hampshire Conference, fell asleep in Christ at his home in this city at 3 o'clock on Friday morning, Oct. 5. He has been a great sufferer for a long time, but always patient. Since his retirement from active work he has resided in this his native city, where he has been greatly beloved. He is survived by his sorrowful and devoted wife." A suitable memoir of this most excellent and useful minister will soon appear in our columns.

—Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Henry Tuckley, of Centenary Church, Binghamton, N. Y., quietly received their friends at the parsonage upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, Sept. 28. Many called on that day to express an affectionate interest, leaving substantial tokens of their regard in the shape of silver trays, silver spoons, silver candlesticks and a large white silk bag full of silver, amounting to \$110; also a large picture, representing Christ and the rich ruler, given by the pastors of the churches in that city. It is a little late, but our congratulations are none the less hearty.

—The many anxious friends of Dr. Edna G. Terry, missionary of the W. F. M. S. at Pekin, will be greatly relieved and comforted to know that the strange and prolonged silence concerning her and her fate is at last broken. Mrs. L. A. Alderman, corresponding secretary of the New England Branch, is in receipt of a letter from her, which came last week, in which Dr. Terry says that she is in comfortable health and on her way home. This is the first definite word of information concerning her which has been received since the dread cablegram announcing her death was sent to New York last June.

—Rev. R. E. Bentley, D. D., presiding elder of Oakland District, California Conference, died at his home in Berkeley, Sept. 28. He had been a sufferer from heart disease for several years, but his death was not anticipated by his friends. He was born in Cambridge, Eng., in 1838. The funeral services were held in Trinity Church, Berkeley, Sept. 30. Rev. C. K. Jenness, pastor of the church, presided. Addresses were made by Drs. W. W. Case, J. D. Hammond and H. B. Heacock. The interment was at Mountain View Cemetery. The Doctor was one of our leading workers on the Pacific Coast, having been pastor at Central Church, San Francisco, and First Church, Oakland.

—The Methodist church at Fitchburg and the entire community have met a great loss in the death of Mr. Charles Carroll Stratton, who died in his summer home at Fairlee, Vt., Oct. 5, aged 71 years. Mr. Stratton was a journalist, and had been connected with the *Fitchburg Sentinel* as part owner and manager for more than thirty years. He was employed in early life in the Methodist Book Concern at New York. He was an honored official of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he had been a life-long member and generous supporter. Genial, companionable, a worthy citizen and a helpful friend, he was

universally revered and beloved. A wife and daughter survive him.

—Presiding Elder Perrin writes: "Greatly to my regret, Rev. A. B. Kendig, D. D., has been compelled to ask for a release from his heavy responsibilities as preacher in charge of St. Mark's Church, Brookline. The severe nervous strain incident to his wife's prolonged sickness and death, added to the constant pressure upon the pastor in this important pastorate, has rendered a rest imperative. Although Dr. Kendig has already made a most remarkable record as a minister of the Gospel, he cannot think of being idle. As chairman of the committee appointed by a large number of preachers on Boston District to assist the presiding elder, he will, at my urgent request, promote, as far as he may be able, the interests of the Twentieth Century Forward Movement on the Boston District, and will aid the pastors in revival efforts." The following note from Dr. Kendig is characteristic: "I have always declared, when I could no longer measure up to my own convictions of pastoral efficiency, I would retire. It is no longer a theory, but a condition, that confronts me, and I am sensible I cannot longer carry the steady exactions demanded of a pastor; hence I surrender the responsibilities. Though I retire from the active work of the pastorate, I am not broken-down, nor am I a candidate for 'innocuous desuetude,' but stand ready to respond to any reasonable calls from my brethren for service. My home church will be St. Mark's, and my residence 86 Vernon St., Brookline."

#### BRIEFLETS

The semi-annual meeting of the Bishops will occur at Trenton, N. J., Oct. 30.

The Lasell Seminary students recently sent \$40 to the Galveston Fund. There are five girls from Texas at Lasell this year. The new pupils made their annual trip to Concord last week, seventy-two going in fine excursion wagons. The historic spots were quite thoroughly visited, and luncheon was set near the old North Bridge.

One of our ministers who will not allow his generous deeds to be published in connection with his name has sent a check to be used in helping an especially worthy class of subscribers to continue to have the reading of *ZION'S HERALD*. We could make use, every year, of a goodly fund for this purpose. Painful indeed are the letters received from old subscribers who, on account of pecuniary limitations, are obliged "to give up the old *HERALD*."

It is a fitting compliment to the excellence of the book and to the work of the author that a second edition of "Ecce Clerus" is soon to be brought out by Eaton & Mains, New York.

This from the *Christian Register* is very suggestive and pertinent: "The remark about the widow's mite is often distinctly out of place. The widow gave all that she had. Reference to this example becomes ludicrous when a lady drops from a well-gloved hand a silver coin which happens to be all that is left of the 'spending money' of the week."

The Swedish Methodist Church of Maplewood, which has recently expended \$2,000 in making substantial improvements upon its church edifice, is urgently in need of an addition to its Sunday-school library. The Swedes quickly Americanize, and are eager readers of good books in English. It occurs to us that perhaps some of our large Sun-



day-schools could spare from their libraries books which have become familiar by frequent reading, or that some of our readers would be glad to help this most worthy Swedish Church. Any persons so interested may address the faithful pastor, Rev. S. L. Carlander, 48 Columbia St., Malden.

Why should it be thought necessary to account for everything that perplexes us? Only the easy things of life are for understanding. The hard, deep things are for faith and faith's testing.

The remarkable vindication which the Salisbury ministry is receiving in the English elections, and especially the triumphant victory of Mr. Chamberlain, the colonial secretary, has its lesson for our pending election. The Boer war has been the sole issue in the English campaign. The people are overwhelmingly supporting the Government. Whenever has it been otherwise with the American or the English people?

A faithful and successful minister in one of our suburban churches writes: "I wrote to the publisher for some sample copies, with the thought of trying to boom our subscription (of 13) to 25." If all our ministers would do likewise, they would not only give their own paper the support which it deserves—making sure that the Wesleyan Association could continue its urgently-needed, beneficent help to the worn-out preachers and their families—but they would relieve the greatly-overburdened management of the paper. ZION'S HERALD must depend upon the ministers of our patronizing Conferences to renew and increase its subscription list.

Life may be put to many uses, but the noblest of them all is service.

And now the historic Newton Theological Seminary, concerning which there has never been a suspicion as to its orthodoxy and spirituality, has been violently assailed by Rev. T. A. T. Hanna, of Shelton, Conn., at a Baptist Association, as wholly unsound, heretical and destructive of the Baptist faith. The charge is so recklessly absurd and unjust that it receives no serious consideration from intelligent people who are aware of the facts. But is there no way of restraining persons who break out into such wanton language against institutions which have been only a help and an honor to the church? Should not the good name of an institution be as sacred before the law as that of an individual?

Listen to the words of Bishop Candler, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as he speaks to preachers and people: "Your religious literature underlies all your church work. Its circulation is, therefore, a matter of vital importance."

A presiding elder of the New Hampshire Conference writes: "It is a custom I have, to talk about ZION'S HERALD quite often, not only in quarterly conference, but in the congregation as well. I shall keep it up. I believe in 'our paper,' and wish every home had it."

The first fall meeting of the Methodist Social Union will be held on Monday, Oct. 22 (instead of the 15th), at the American House, 50 Hanover St. Dr. William F. McDowell, secretary of the Board of Education, and Dr. Edmund M. Mills, secretary of the Twentieth Century Thank Offering Commission, will be the guests of the Union. An unusually interesting, enjoyable and profitable meeting is promised. It is hoped that our laymen generally will

be present. The Social Union has a distinct and most important mission in conserving all that makes for the progress of our church in our midst, and should, therefore, receive hearty support. Membership tickets for the remainder of the year will be supplied at \$3, the actual cost price to the Union.

"Poisonal menace" is the latest and most severe term applied to a political candidate; but we are glad to say that the drastic phrase did not originate in this country, and was not spoken of an American. Rev. John Clifford, D. D., of London, applied it to Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.

We are very glad to link the soul-burdening desire of Rev. Dr. William McDonald with his contribution, appearing in this issue, asking, "Why Not More Revivals?" Dr. McDonald is in the enjoyment of a very rich religious experience—sunny, joyous and hopeful so far as his own spiritual life is concerned. In peace with God and with men, he is anxious only to see the Methodist Episcopal Church—the church of his choice, and in which he will die—put on her spiritual strength and go forward to the salvation of the people. This desire unspeakably thrills and burdens him. It is the one undying aspiration of his soul. Pouring out his heart to us recently in a delightful spirit of yearning love for his brethren in the ministry, we asked him to put his thoughts upon paper for publication in our columns. When he brought his article in and read it aloud, his feelings frequently overcame him, and he was obliged to stop and wipe the tears away. He reminded us of "Paul the aged," as he so frankly pours out his heart to Timothy and Titus and others of his helpers. Dr. McDonald did not want his name to appear in connection with his article, lest he seem to act as a judge of his brethren, and only consented at our urgent request.

A successful preacher in one of our leading churches writes: "There should be a larger subscription list for ZION'S HERALD in this church. I have presented the HERALD from the pulpit, but it is evident that a personal canvass is the only thing that will accomplish much." We commend the above to those ministers who think that they have discharged their obligation to their own paper when they have announced the "special offer" for new subscribers in the Sunday "Leaflet" or "Jottings."

Our neighbor, the *Congregationalist*, appears this week in an enlarged and attractive form, with delicate yellow covers—a very elegant number. The announcement is made editorially that one such special issue is to appear the first week of each month. In this number a new title, the *Christian World*, appears to which the historic name of the paper, the *Congregationalist*, is subordinated. This change is, therefore, epochal, and marks a significant drift in this honored Christian journal. It is evident that the new name is the prophecy of a permanent change made in the interest of comprehensiveness, and with the purpose to be less the denominational organ of the Congregational body. This move is made in recognition of the religious spirit of the age. Denominationalism is much less strong and expressive than in former years. When one recalls that for which that paper so resolutely stood in the years of Dr. Dexter, the change becomes noteworthy. The older readers will probably accept this striking transformation with reluctance. The management freely appropriates the best things in religious journalism. The name, *Christian World*, is

borrowed from a leading Christian weekly published in London, and the idea of a special monthly issue from the *Outlook* of New York.

### Gilbert Haven and the National Prohibition Party

THE attempt in some quarters to promote the cause of the National Prohibition Party by reference to the course of the revered Gilbert Haven, is so misleading as to demand an explanation in the interests of truth. While he had great hope, in the incipency of the Third Party movement, that temperance men of all party predilections would unite to eliminate the saloon, and while for a time he threw himself into the cause with his characteristic ardor of conviction, he lived to see, as so many stalwart temperance men have since learned to their sorrow, that it was impossible to secure any considerable support for such a platform. Prof. George Prentice, in his sympathetic and appreciative *Life of Haven*, in referring to his career as a reformer, says:

"He had persuaded himself that after the disappearance of slavery and the political issues arising from the close of the war, some other reform would come to the front and occupy public attention and favor. He saw none so likely to assume the position as the temperance reform. He used to describe the Republican Party in Massachusetts as made up of Rummies, Don't-cares, and Prohibitionists, and he fancied that the development of a strictly temperance party would draw into its camp the best elements of the two regular parties. Governor Claflin thought that more could be done by a close alliance with the Republicans than in any other way. Mr. Haven had spoken against this policy in his paper, had got resolutions passed against it at camp-meetings and elsewhere, and he now sought to commit Governor Claflin to his own policy. The calm and wise Governor was much better informed as to what was the actual state of public opinion, and what was to be expected from such a new departure, than his adviser. This course caused considerable discussion and criticism among his readers, but nobody doubted the sincerity of his conduct."

But we are unable, after critical and comprehensive search, to ascertain that he ever acted with the National Third Party organization. We do not believe that he ever did. He was too ardent a patriot and too clear and comprehensive a student of national interests to be willing to so cast his vote and influence as to place the administration of this country in the hands of a great party which he distrusted. His support of General Grant for the Presidency is a well-known historic event in his life. Not only twice by his voice and influence did he help elect him (notwithstanding General Grant's well-known intemperate habits), but he was an intense and powerful advocate for his renomination for a third term. We still remember the profound sensation produced when he prayed in the Boston Preachers' Meeting that Grant might be renominated for the third time. His prayer was caught up by the associated press and telegraphed all over the country. This desire carried his whole nature, for he believed a firm hand was especially needed in the Presidency of the United States because of the condition of affairs at that time in the South. He must have voted for the election of President Hayes, who succeeded President Grant. He died in 1880, and was probably too ill to take part in the presidential nomination at that period; but in all probability he would have supported Garfield.

The attempt, therefore, to use the great name, example and utterances of Gilbert Haven in the interest of the National Prohibition Party will prove, as it should, a notable failure.



## ENCOURAGEMENT

JOSEPHINE RAND.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God. — PSALM 42: 11.

Why art cast down, my soul?

Hope thou in God.

I shall yet praise Him for His faithful love —  
The Saviour who descended from above —  
My King and Lord!

Why art cast down, my soul?

Faithful the rod.

His loving kindness shall illumine thy days,  
And with His songs thy nights be filled  
with praise.

Trust thou in God.

Why art cast down, my soul —

Eyes with tears dim?

Why dost thou mourn when enemies oppress?

What art disquieted? Thy God shall bless.  
Hope thou in Him.

Why art cast down, my soul?

He is thy health —

Thy health of countenance and joy of heart.  
God is thy portion; thine eternal part  
Is heaven's own wealth.

Melrose, Mass.

## WHY NOT MORE REVIVALS?

REV. WILLIAM McDONALD, D. D.

METHODISM was born in a revival, and languishes sadly when she fails to foster that spirit. That revivals are amazingly rare among us, is universally conceded; and that their absence is lamented by the most devout and thoughtful, no one will question. There is a crying demand for their return, that we may retain our well-earned reputation of being a revival church, and hold that honored position among the workers in the Lord's vineyard. No evangelical church can long survive without revivals. It cannot live on its past successes. It must grow in numbers and grace, or die. Dr. Francis Wayland once wrote: "Let a church have nothing to rely on but its antiquity, its wealth, its conservatism, the piety of its founders, its solar distance from all excitement and irregularity, the social position of the members of its society, and though it may have a very respectable standing with the world, it is recorded in the book that shall one day be opened as a church having a name that it liveth, and is dead." But is this the church which Christ purchased with His own blood, and against which the gates of hell shall not prevail?

Why not more revivals? The answer is not difficult. There are causes which are clearly manifest to the prayerful and devout; and while we address ministers chiefly, church members must consider themselves included. Among the causes we name:

1. The want of a deeper, more complete baptism of the Holy Spirit. This would set all the human machinery of the church in motion. It is the Spirit that convinces of sin, and until the Spirit is in the minister, He is not likely to be among those ministered to. Soul-awakening comes of the baptism of the Spirit. It was not until the hundred and twenty were all "filled with the Holy Ghost" that the three thousand were converted,

marking the relation between the filling of the workers and the penitential cry, "What must we do?"

Dear brethren, may not our failure to win souls come of a defective personal piety? On how many brows shines this jewel of heavenly brilliancy? Some possess it, we doubt not, but what of the many?

We often wonder at the success of the fathers, and are led to conclude that sinners are less impressible now than then; that the unconverted have become skeptical and gospel-hardened. Not so. Infidelity was quite as rampant then as now; and fiery persecutions met them everywhere. The fact must be confessed, there is not among us that soul-saving power, that victorious faith, in the same measure it was possessed by the fathers. If this be so, no wonder we are feebler than they; no wonder our lives are less illustrious, our example less attractive, and our labors less fruitful. If the minister stands on no higher spiritual plane than those to whom he ministers, how can he lift them to a higher life or say to them, "Follow me as I follow Christ?"

The venerable William Arthur says: "Whatever may be meant by being filled with the Spirit, it is laid upon us all as a duty." If a duty, how can we neglect it and be guiltless? Richard Watson says: "The disciples came together, the sincere but timid followers of Christ; they departed full of light and power and love. He that comes to God shall receive this mighty influence; it is our fault if we do not live in the richer experiences of it." Then breaking out in an eloquent strain, he says: "Yes, brethren, the celestial gift is yours. You are called to receive the heavenly element, which sheds an intensity of heavenly life through the understanding and conscience, animates every affection, invigorates for every service, gives vital impulses to our courage, and strengthens for all conflict."

This power is not secured by feeble desires and cold, brief, commonplace prayers. These are not the weapons which conquer in this conflict. "Fervent, effectual," is the type which prevails. All must be given, if all the fullness of the Spirit is received. Armed with this power, we are sure of success.

2. The want of fervent, effectual, prevailing prayer may be regarded as among the causes of our failure in the conversion of sinners. The history of the church is all aglow with the prevailing prayers of the Abrahams, the Jacobs, the Daniels, the Peters, and Pauls of the past, and modern examples of this power are not wanting, to encourage our faith. We well remember the prayers to which we used to listen in other years, when godly men and women held special audience with the King. It did seem to us that the kingdom of heaven was being taken by force. Such prayers are rare now.

The famous John Livingston once preached a sermon at the kirk of Shotts, resulting in the conversion of five hundred souls. But he tells us that he and a few select friends spent the entire night before in earnest prayer; and this was the secret of his success. That wonderful series of apostolic revivals which attended the ministry of William Bramwell in the circuits

of England, such as have never been surpassed, were the result of spending six hours in twenty-four upon his knees. It seems to us that we should spend more time where the "door is shut," that we may be "rewarded" with fruit "openly," confidently expecting that

"When our all of strength shall fail,  
We shall with the God-man prevail."

It is this "continual coming" that secures the thing it seeks. When Rev. James Caughey was asked what was the secret of his success as a revivalist, he answered, "Knee work."

3. An intense longing for the salvation of souls is the need of the ministry of the times. They seem to have too many secondary matters on hand. We do not charge that this is true of all; but, alas! it seems true of the many. When a professed messenger of God declines to seek the baptism of the Spirit as a special fitness for his work, caring little about it, he is no longer of much use in God's vineyard. He might as well return to the plow, the shop, the office. Unless a minister is really consumed with a desire to save souls, his efforts will be feeble, his success a failure.

The thought of an ambassador, sent from God to win a revolting world back to Him, making his message an end and not a means, is amazing to contemplate — a minister, Sabbath after Sabbath, going through the same routine of service, exhibiting no special earnestness for visible fruit, apparently content if the services have been performed with becoming propriety and the people are pleased with the performance. Should not the sermon be made with an intense desire to save souls from sin, and delivered with special reliance on God, so that, should there be one listening to the Gospel for the last time, he should not go to the bar of God without a knowledge of what he must do to be saved?

Of Alleine, the author of "Alarm to the Unconverted," it is said: "He was infinitely and insatiably greedy of souls, and to this end he poured out his soul in prayer and preaching." David Brainerd often said: "I cared not where or how I lived, nor what hardships I went through, so that I could but gain souls. When I was asleep I dreamed of these things; and when I was awake the first thought was of this great work. All my desire was for the conversion of the heathen, and all my hope was in God." Good old Dr. Doddridge writes to a friend: "I long for the conversion of souls more sensibly than for anything else." The famous John Smith used to say: "God has given me so powerfully to feel the value of souls that I cannot live if souls are not saved. Give me souls, or else I die!" The venerable John Angell James, among his latest utterances, said: "Never before in my life was I more impressed with the idea that the conversion of souls is the great end of the Christian ministry. Everything short of this I deem as unsatisfactory."

If the spirit of these great and good men were to possess the Methodist ministry of New England for a single year, what might not the church and the world expect to witness! The twentieth century would be ushered in with peans of victory in all our borders. Brethren, how far do these Christlike and Christ-inspired



yearnings for souls find a real sympathetic response in our hearts? How many are saying, "This one thing I do?" It would then be said of us as the celebrated Dr. Priestley said of Thomas Mitchell, one of Wesley's preachers, a man of defective culture, under whose preaching he had unintentionally sat: "This man must do good, for he aims at nothing else."

When we consider that the conversion of souls sheds the greatest lustre upon the church of God—greater than the wealth of its members, greater than the costliness of its temples, greater than the polish and attractiveness of its ministry, or the gorgeousness of its ceremonies—what is our duty? We may boast of all these, but if no sinners are saved, such a church is a failure—a crestfallen, dishonored church, a blight in the vineyard of God, like a blasted oak in a forest of freshness and beauty. On the contrary, a church may be poor, without social position or attractive temples, but if it seeks and saves the lost, if it brings pardon to the guilty, and life to the spiritually dead, that church bears its own credentials; it is in the apostolic succession; the diadem of Jesus sparkles upon its brow. The powers of the pit may be marshaled against it, but it is built upon the Rock, and "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

If we were able to extend the empire of science, enrich the treasures of art, and heal all manner of diseases, the conversion of a single soul would exceed them all. Death will soon kill the body, and the world will pass away, but the soul shall live when suns and stars and planets are no more.

When we think of what Jesus has done to save men—the soul-appalling agonies in the garden, His ignominious sufferings on Calvary—how is it that we are so little concerned for souls? How is it that a traffic so holy, so Christlike, so necessary, languishes so fearfully? Why are so few hard hearts melted, so few unholy wanderers brought to God? Has God taken off the chariot wheels of His church lest it move with too great speed? Is it not, rather, that we do not intensely agonize for souls, weep over them, travail in birth for them? Do we not fail to clothe ourselves with the marvelous power of the Holy Ghost? Is it not true that our locks are shorn and the cords of the Philistines are too strong for us, and Satan sets us at defiance and keeps our Lord's immortal property in spite of us?

When the church is blessed with ministers like Barnabas—"full of faith and the Holy Ghost"—then may we look to see "much people added to the Lord." Let one united, universal cry ascend to heaven: "O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years!"

West Somerville, Mass.

### What Are We Preaching?

ARE our ministers and local preachers everywhere preaching Methodist doctrine in the old-fashioned, warm-hearted, direct and enthusiastic way? A short time ago a gifted minister of our church, who has had special opportunities of hearing his brethren, and who is very extensively read in modern theological literature, gave an address before one of the largest ministers' meetings in the kingdom. He produced

three volumes of sermons lately published by three of our most distinguished and gifted ministers, and he bluntly argued that there was no Methodism in any of those books. That is to say, that there was no prominent inculcation of the distinctive doctrines which shaped the kind of preaching that, under God, made Methodism. These books could have been produced by any gifted, cultured Dissenting minister of any communion. We understand that he demonstrated this grave statement to the satisfaction of his audience. Again, an earnest Anglican clergyman said to a Methodist friend the other day, "What has happened to your ministers? It has been my life-long custom when I was depressed and needed inspiration to go to a Methodist chapel and hear a Methodist preacher. I have given up doing so. The old ring is gone, the old distinctive Methodist preaching has disappeared."—*Methodist Times* (London).

### ART AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

"WESTON."

COME with me, please, through the "Porte Monumentale," under that sky-blue arch, studded like the obelisks, on each side, with rubies and sapphires, to the inner canopy or porch which can shelter two thousand persons. Thanks to the numerous entrance passages on the farther side, we have not to wait for a long queue to pass in, but find ourselves at once in the park. Look at those magnificent pumas at the exit—they are by an American sculptor, Phinister Proctor. How well their position illustrates the unflinching French instinct for decoration! Beautiful buildings must have a worthy setting.

During our walk of three minutes to the larger and smaller palaces, our imaginations are excited by artistic suggestions. Sculptures line the walks; the shrubbery becomes more ornate, the vistas more inviting. When the two palaces are revealed, they speak their purpose at once. Shrines of art they must be. Mark those sky-lit spaces surrounded by high-windowed rooms, those prodigally graceful groups of statuary at the main entrance. Note, too, the immediate setting. These buildings are not wedged in between ugly neighbors, nor left solitary in cold, barren spaces. Here an ox, grazing, a superb animal, a pleasure to look at; there a satyr stretched at ease beside a fountain; here a colossal Fury flinging herself out into space so bolterously that you wonder that your ears are not stunned by her mimic turbulence; there, quiet nymphs, by no means ashamed, airing their charms; while yonder across the broad approach and in front of the smaller palace Macmonnies' "Sir Henry Vane" and St. Gaudens' "Puritan" look askance at beauty which they were not born to understand.

The first sight of the immense glass-roofed court in the centre of the larger palace is bewildering. It is

CROWDED WITH SCULPTURES.

Although there is abundant space to pass among them, there is no mental elbow-room. Frivolity and crime crowd upon piety; dignity is beset by coquetry; commonplaceness jostles majesty. An English bishop does not look at home among self-conscious nuditities; that war-horse at

full charge seems to be flying over the heads of figures who are enjoying classic repose, so that you overlook the trampled soldier. Plainly, we must learn to detach our attention from all but one object at a time. Let us view the colossals first.

The monument to Victor Hugo should ensure immortality if size and technical skill and beautiful composition can do it. The poet himself is seated very high aloft, looking down, pensively, as if unconscious of his fellow-colossals, symbolic figures on the sides of the mighty pedestal, who are offering wreaths, displaying masks, blowing trumpets and thrumming harps with great spirit and grace, as if to rouse an unappreciative world. Despite their energy, this great work leaves us cold. It is too far away from our sympathies, this insistent asseveration of greatness in symbolic marble. The story of Hugo's love for France and humanity will live without it.

Bartholdi's horseman charging over a dead soldier, that caught our eyes just now, is as full of intense action as is possible to conceive. What vigor, what swiftness! It is bursting with energy. Never mind the doubtful proportions—here is life. Compare this with the mounted general yonder, horse and man exquisitely molded, perfect in proportion, both of them posing for the photographer. Rona represents Hungary's great king, Matthias Corvinus, and the Battle of Zenta, with the utmost spirit and realism. Rather overpowering, like those great pieces of Macmonnies' "Army" and "Navy," well known since the Columbian Fair, Le Duc gives us an equestrian statue full of meaning without a trace of violence. The drawn rein, the horse's feet braced, the knight looking eagerly off to field, suggest power through self-restraint. But who is this preceded by palm-bearing Victory, rider and horse so full of alertness, every line in the composition crying "Forward!" the pose light and easy, but expressing mighty power to conquer fate? Never was happy choice of motive waited upon by more faithful execution in a military statue than in this of Gen. Sherman by St. Gaudens. Every detail accords with the characteristics of the man; you will carry with you the picture of him pushing on to the glorious unseen long after you have forgotten the symbolism and the realism of these hundred stone gods and men and women who are killing, dreaming, posing, ogling, smiling, or swooning on every side of us. St. Gaudens is an artist, and has comprehended Sherman. He knows the inner being of that man "from the spirit of a man" which is in himself.

Bossuet's monument by Ernst Dubois challenges attention not only by its size, but also by the felicity in the choice and portraiture of the subordinate figures. These are not symbolic nuditities distinguished from other nuditities by insignia, but men as fully alive as Bossuet himself. The devout listener who drinks in every word; the supercilious listener who affects to doubt them all; the nun who would pray while she listens to godly preaching to lose no time on the way to heaven; and the sermon-hardened sinner who has fallen asleep—these are fit types of the audiences to which Bossuet addressed his moving words. Perhaps the bligness of



this monument and of Hugo's is not so much out of place. Were they not both rather fond of a large theatre, very public action, of doing great things? Let us believe that their private, smaller virtues were also worthy of so much marble.

We shall find meaning more condensed and accessible in some of the smaller sculptures. Look at "Christ Insulted by Jews," by Askel of Denmark. Was ever more evil in human faces? You demur, perhaps, and say that excessive coarseness and brutality of feature are not the best artistic expression of bad passions. Scribes and Pharisees were intellectual men, refined to some degree; but there was a mob behind them swayed by vulgar ignorance and prejudice, and it was doubtless from that rabble that the artist chose these revilers. The face of Christ seems stoical and proud rather than pitiful and forgiving. Was our Lord not thinking just then most of the sin, as an hour or two later He thought most of the sinner, and prayed, "Father, forgive them?"

"Our Daily Bread," by Hermann, of Prague, calls up the images of Famine, War, and Poverty most vividly. We see a grandmother, mother and grown daughter toiling terribly to draw the makeshift plough held by the infirm grandfather. Sons killed, cattle carried off, house ransacked, crops and tools destroyed — the story is more clearly told than if a confused crowd of violently moving figures were before us. Submission, not untinged with bitterness, marks the features of all four. But the bitterness has not begotten despair. While there is life there is — work; and work has always some hope in it. Looking at such a composition, we feel that the tragedies of life are real, personal, every-day experiences that demand human sympathy, while even so good a piece of work as Vasselot's "Schoeleher: the Abolition of Slavery in Martinique," where the smile and tender attitude of the French minister and the gratitude of the young freedman are finely rendered, fails, like sorrows too remote, to stir deep compassion.

Visions of simple beauty in the "human form divine" are here in abundance — an Apollo marked "Sold to the Museum at Boston" — our Boston, we wonder? — by Adalphe, an Italian artist, exquisitely modeled; other gods and goddesses whose charms are well known; and a veritable throng of beautiful forms — void of souls. Why all this expenditure of technical skill upon such trifling *motifs*? Woman admiring herself in a mirror or hunting for a parasite doth not enchant us; let us go up these stairs, passing the copy of St. Gaudens' Col. Shaw — ah, yes! that thrills us — into the

#### GALLERIES OF PAINTING.

Can you march miles and afterward recall all the features of the landscape? We can only make an exploring expedition to learn what is worth seeing again. In the French department you will stop more than once before these paintings of Robert Fleury: "Perquisition sous le Terreur" — a woman listening outside the door for the dreaded warrant of arrest; and "Washington Crossing the Hudson," after taking leave of his officers and men who crowd the shore. Here are sufficient

sentiment, real, human and healthy, harmony of color, and fine technique. Or look at Hebert's "Virgin and Child, with a Hunter," who has brought a dead bird as a gift to the holy infant. The cloud of disapproval on the latter's face gives tone to the dark picture; as if the baby lips could already say, mindful of the light breaking through yonder, "Not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father." Bonnat's broadly painted portraits we must look at — Taine and Rénan, critic and skeptic, side by side. One is tempted, when standing before a convincing portrait, to doubt the old dictum that a great mind always transfigures an unfortunate physiognomy. It is wiser to reflect that not even a talented portrait painter can always fix upon the canvas the soul shining through the face at the moment of transfiguration.

Bouveret's "Holy Supper" is so far realistic that it does not exhibit idealized saints, but Jews of the average type, men that were just beginning to be lifted out of the ignorances and prejudices of their time. Neither is Judas' face ugly or weak; this betrayer was a man of brains and of "good standing" among his companions until he yielded to his ruling selfishness. Lefebvre has some fine portraits and his "Lady Godiva." The nun who leads the horse is the most interesting figure of the group.

Beraud's picture of "The Magdalen at the House of the Pharisee" attracts much attention. The scene is taken from a modern fashionable men's dinner party. All is modern except the figure of our Lord Himself. The faces are all striking, whether the attention be eager or suppressed. Here is cynical indifference, a patent affectation; there, alert captiousness; here, compunction; there, heartless curiosity. The young man who ostentatiously cares more just now for lighting his cigarette, and the old connoisseur in frail victims of passion who will not miss a word or a look, are finely contrasted. As usual, the expression on the Saviour's face is the least satisfactory of all. That seems to be exultation in having unmasked these "men of the world." The touch of the melodramatic, the modern costumes, the over-rich dress of the prostrate Magdalen, emphasize the incongruities of a very interesting picture. The same artist has a Christ crowned with thorns, the face just too much covered with tears to be our Man of Sorrows. His "Descent from the Cross" is full of dramatic gesture; one of the unoccupied following shaking his fist at Jerusalem.

Jules Breton's "Gleaners at Sundown" has a touch of Millet, but only a touch. Bouguereau's "Come unto Me," a penitent bringing his cross to Calvary, expresses much weariness in the face, hardly a spiritual longing. Brouillet's "Reception of the Czar at the French Academy" has the interest attaching to a group of portraits of celebrated men.

Are you not struck, as we pass through these rooms, with the prevalence of *fads* among French artists? Here is Carrière, who envelops everything in smoke; "A Popular Theatre" and "The Crucifixion" are both treated calligraphously. There is Courtois, who once adopted silver-gray as the only color, then later saw everything golden. Here is a whole room in-

fectured with pale pictures of pale people, as if some color-greedy microbe had sucked out the very light. One artist affects blackness, another flatness, another excessive brilliancy of color; another obliterates his outlines until every object appears woolly, while his neighbor stiffens and thickens his "for decorative effect." Here, as in the great show of sculpture down below, wonderful talent, astonishing facility with the tools of art, are wasted upon small ideas; or great subjects are handled lightly, almost frivolously; or there is a straining for effect by exaggerating idiosyncrasies.

Let us pass through the American rooms quickly, for most of the pictures are already well known, just smiling at Sargent, and McEwen, and Chase, and Thayer, and Horner, and Abbey, and Hitchcock — we cannot even nod at them all — to the

#### JAPANESE DEPARTMENT

and rest awhile. It is the only room you can rest in; partly because of the quiet decorative effect of the pictures which are void of stories, problems, even background and perspective often, and partly because you and I have not been educated to that enthusiasm for Oriental art which has carried many away captive. At first these paintings look like babies just glanced at — all alike. Study, if we had time for it, would disclose differences enough. The prevalence of one general scheme of color, the subdued tone, the uniform harmony, lead us to overlook the exquisite drawing, the telling simplicity of composition. A leafy bough, that is all, in the first dozen on which the eye rests. But do you not feel the presence of that bough, as if you were sitting under it and shared its atmosphere, feel it more certainly than you ever do the foliage of occidental landscapes in art? These delicate shades are cooling in a hot day like this. Painted on silk? Yes. The very narrowness of range in these beautiful works is one secret of their subtle power. The Japanese do not try to crowd everything into one picture, are not ambitious of originality, and succeed in creating beautiful effects by simplicity and concentration. You could live with almost any of these paintings, while there are few in the rooms yonder that would not tire you after a time.

Must we do the whole art of the Exposition in one day? Impossible. Or describe it in one letter? The days of miracles are past. You may walk through the other galleries in an hour, but you will not have more than time to note that the German Lenbach's portraits — Mommsen, the Emperor, "A Lady," and others — are the strongest portraits in the Exhibition; that the Norwegian artists show exceptional power and beauty (do not linger too long over that moonlit sea by Hans Gude, nor compare too minutely the three portraits of Ibsen in the same room; that by Werenskiöld is by far the best); to wonder why I did not begin with Britain, showing you Graham's "Sea Rising," or Oules' portraits, or, rather, send you to the British pavilion on the other side of the river to admire the loan collection where Burne Jones blazes in triumph. You are getting tired, and these mediocre Spanish and Italian pictures would only fret you. There is much worth seeing



here and there in the Russian department, and in the exhibits of the minor nations; but remember this, and be humbled and hopeful: The American artists have received the largest number of distinctions from the art juries, next to the incomparable French.

## INVESTIGATING PROHIBITION IN MAINE

REV. J. WARD GAMBLE, D. D.

**A** PROHIBITIONIST of prohibitionists, I had been perplexed and confounded for years by the conflicting reports concerning the execution of the Maine law. Finally I became so much interested in the subject that I made up my mind that I would see for myself how the law was working. There was but one way to accomplish this purpose — by a personal visit to Maine. Of course, I realized the fact that if I went as a minister of the Gospel I would return without the desired data. Consequently I determined upon my disguise, which worked like a charm, as I was enabled to see for myself the full operation of the law.

Disguised as an up-to-date man of the world, with outing suit, white duck trousers, shirt waist, and light russet shoes, I left my home four weeks ago for Portland. I went to Maine to find out the facts for myself, to take nobody's dictum, nobody's opinion, but to go down into the streets, lanes and dives of the worst centres of population, not as the minister, advertising my clerical profession, but in a way to get at the facts.

I did get the facts. I found it entirely useless for me to play detective, for everything was so open and undisguised as to make that superfluous.

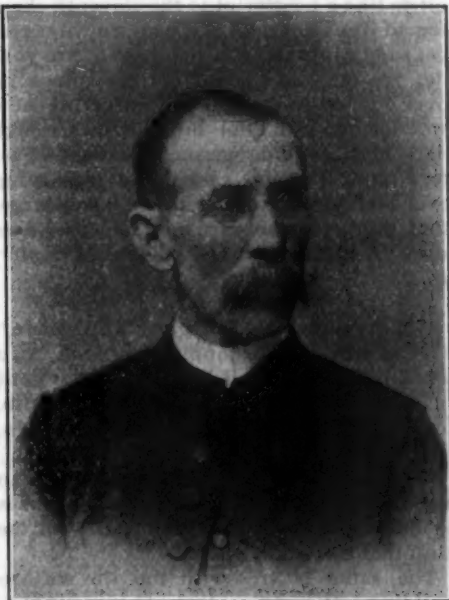
Without fear of molestation I took pains to cover a good range of country, and I got a reliable insight. I did the work myself. Some took me for a dude and some for a dunce. I was offered drink by all. I went into hotels, restaurants, saloons and drug-stores. In a general way it is true that liquor is as freely sold to all comers, male and female, young and old, as I ever saw anywhere. This is true in all the cities and large towns of the State. I speak of that which I have seen with my own eyes, looked upon, and handled with my own hands.

The result of my discoveries is interesting. I soon discovered that to intimate to the Maine people that the law is enforced draws a smile or a sigh, simply because every one in the State who has taken the trouble to look into the matter knows that it is not enforced, and that little or no attempt is made to do so. The politicians and officeholders favor the law as it is, because they can say to the good people who want prohibition, "We are for the law;" while the liquor interests do not object, as the fees and fines they pay to police and sheriff are considerably less than low license. Only occasional raids are attempted, and then only for the sake of appearance and to extort money from the saloonists.

Without the slightest show of secrecy I visited a saloon — that is, a saloon in all but the sign above the door — located in a prominent position on State St., Portland. Upon my arrival from Boston I innocently passed this place at the first glance, never suspecting anything out of the way until my eyes were opened a day or two later, when I finally discovered the true nature of the place and entered it. I asked for a lunch, whereupon the bartender sized me up for a dunce, and replied, "We have none, but I can serve you with anything you want to drink, old man." "But you

have no right to sell here," I said. "Oh, yes, I have," he replied. "How do you work it?" I questioned; "tip politicians?" "No, I pay my fines." He spoke as confidently as if a one-thousand-dollar license hung on the wall. When I left the place two policemen were standing near by and I asked them how often they fined the saloon-keeper in question; but they could give me no satisfactory answer. The place was free and open to all comers. Even women were constantly running in and out, carrying pails containing beer and ale.

This is the state of things in all the large towns of Maine. Of course, if one wants to be blind to the facts and simply walks up and down the streets of the



REV. J. WARD GAMBLE, D. D.

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towns looking for signs, he can easily go out of the State and still believe that prohibition prohibits in Maine.

The day after my arrival in the State I began my investigations unaided and unaccompanied, depending upon my disguise to carry me through. Not a soul was in my confidence except those in my boarding place. My object was to see if a stranger could get liquor.

As I was anxious to begin my investigations as soon as possible, I entered the first restaurant I encountered and asked for beer. The waiter replied, "We have none, but you can get all you want at the hotel across the street." I went over there, and was accommodated.

Next I entered a drug store, so called, and found a bar with all the usual fixtures of the modern saloon. The bar-tender, in a nonchalant manner, drew me off a glass of beer, for which I paid five cents.

Later I entered several restaurants. All had bars, which were conducted quite as openly as if the place had been licensed.

The Republican Party is for retaining the laws as a venerable institution and honorable name. The Democrats are for enforcement — at least, that is their platform. They accuse the dominant party of treachery and dishonesty. The Prohibitionists are discouraged and weak, while the church appears to be either indifferent or discouraged, and waits to act until there is a better state of things in Maine.

In conclusion, I might say that I believe that no more flagrant violation of liquor laws can be found in the United States than in Maine. The good old State is wotully dishonoring the illustrious name of her great prohibition reformer, Dow, whose home was in the very town where the laws

are most frequently set at naught — Portland.

The law is in itself all right, and only needs to be executed; but at present the executors thereof are controlled by politics and pelt.

I rejoice in the victory won in Cumberland County in the election of Sheriff Pearson, and trust that the fearless execution of the law by him will lead to a better condition throughout the Pine Tree State.

Vineland, N. J.

## Eternal Gain

Do we not learn more freely to forgive  
All those who do us wrong in thought or deed  
By seeing wherein we have blindly erred  
In some past day?

Do we not grow more pitiful, more kind,  
Toward those who seem to stand in greater need  
Of outstretched hand and helpful, cheering word  
On life's rough way?

And hath He not planned wisely for our gain  
Who thus allows our own mistakes to lead  
Our hearts to broader charity, when stirred  
By conscience' sway?

— Lizzie A. L. Tibbetts.

## A PLEA FOR REVERENCE

"RICARDO."

**A** READER of ZION'S HERALD, I have been pleased with the reports of good accomplished by camp-meeting efforts this season. But there is frequently a bad fly in the otherwise good pot of ointment.

At one of the New England camp-meetings many persons were pained in spirit while listening to a sermon on "The Baptism of the Holy Ghost." The speaker's lack of reverence, abundance of slang, and laughter-provoking jokes and anecdotes, prevented sober thought and reverential feeling. Such phrases were used as: "That beats the devil," "There are no flies on them," "Put that into soak and see if it will wash out;" also, comparing some persons' opinions to an old grandmother, and exhorting them to knock their old grandmothers over! A lady sitting by the side of the writer said: "The Lord is not helping that man at all." He was eloquent in thrashing his brother preachers who did not accept his opinions — they were "religious formalists," "had no conversions," "Formalism was increasing alarmingly," "The faith of the church was feeble," "Preachers were afraid to preach the pure Gospel" (that he preached), "Christians do not search the Scriptures," and a great deal more of like character, drawing universal conclusions from limited premises. After thus denouncing the church, he said: "Persons baptized with the Holy Ghost don't find fault with the church." Another declaration was: "If preachers were baptized with the Holy Ghost, wonderful results would follow; they would lap over Pentecost's three thousand." Every now and then he would throw out a joke or a slang phrase, making many in the congregation (yes, and some preachers) roar with laughter. I have heard quite a number of ministers preach upon the "Baptism of the Holy Ghost" at camp and preachers' meetings, and all of them declared that wonderful results would follow if preachers were thus baptized — they would have remarkable power over men, etc. But in every instance, the preacher mentioned included, there was no manifestation in their charges of any wonderful power — in most cases, not of ordinary power. I feel like asking, is not such talk, by such preachers, whose lives in their respective charges contradict their utterances, pharisaical clap-trap? Oh, for the power of sacred reverence and honest speech in all our pulpits at camp-meetings and at home!



## THE FAMILY

## THOUGHT ETCHINGS

GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

## Voice of the Sea

Though oft its fury is beyond control,  
The music of its murmurs thrills my  
soul;  
Still in the rosy ear of whitest shell  
Its echoes linger, sweet as love's fare-  
well.

## Autumn

Fair as a butterfly's open wing  
Is the twilight of the year,  
When the Sovereign Artist gives every-  
thing  
A beautiful robe to wear.

## Insidious Foes

How sad! Sometimes the falsest foe  
In some unfear'd pursuit,  
Clasps silver fetters on man's soul  
To cage him like a brute.

## Home Influence

Beside the world's unfeeling mart  
Our kindest feeling slumbers;  
At home, one word can touch the heart,  
And wake love's deepest numbers.

The soul that seems to stranger eyes  
For aye closed up and chilly,  
May ope in home's sweet paradise  
And show love's snow-white lily!

East Lempster, N. H.

## Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Though bitter tears o'erflow and blind our eyes,  
And sorrows overcast our little skies,  
Yet let our hearts be strong, our faith be bright,  
God's vision e'er is clear, His way is right.

— Walter Irenæus Lowe.

Know ye not that ye are the temples of  
God, and that such temples can be built only  
of the common stones that lie about us? —  
Charles Carroll Everett.

It is my habit—I hope I may say, my  
nature—to believe the best of people,  
rather than the worst. — George William  
Curtis.

"The world's a troublesome kentry, but  
it turns itself over every day; we must  
jest wait, 'n see how the times rolls  
raound!" — A. D. T. Whitney.

Evils in the journey of life are like the  
hills which alarm travelers upon their road;  
they both appear great at a distance, but  
when we approach them we find that they  
are far less insurmountable than we had  
imagined. — Colton.

People get to feel that they are doing  
nothing unless they have a sphere, a mis-  
sion. . . . I do not deny that the world is  
in terrible want of a great many reforms;  
but I do deny that God calls a vast many  
of those who set themselves up to reform  
it, I do deny that He wants anything done  
anywhere that has to be done at cost of the  
next duty. — J. F. W. Ware.

There is an old legend of an enchanted  
cup filled with poison, and put treacher-  
ously into a king's hand. He signed the  
sign of the cross, and named the name of  
God over it, and it shivered in his grasp.  
Do you take this name of the Lord as a  
test? Name Him over many a cup which  
you are eager to drink of, and the glitter-

ing fragments will lie at your feet and the  
poison be spilled on the ground. What  
you cannot lift before His pure eyes and  
think of Him while you enjoy, is not for  
you. — Alexander MacLaren, D. D.

Let us all learn to thank God for diffi-  
culties; they are a part of our discipline.  
Canaan lies on the other side of Red Seas  
and the Jordan; we need not cross either of  
them till we come to them. God can divide  
the big sea as easily as He can dry up the  
little river. When we come to the sea, the  
voice of Providence is, "Go forward!"  
and the waters part asunder. When we  
reach the flowing Jordan and our feet touch  
the stream, behold it has vanished, and we  
go through dry-shod! The story of Chris-  
tian faith and its frequent deliverances is  
often like a postscript to the eleventh chap-  
ter to the Hebrews. When we voyagers  
get safely into the desired haven up yon-  
der, we may take great delight in looking  
over our log-books and in discovering how  
wonderfully our Pilot brought us through  
dark nights and dangerous channels. Pas-  
tors often discover very dense fogs lying  
over their churches; let them never forget  
that there is One to whom the darkness  
shineth as the day. — Theodore L. Cuyler,  
D. D.

"You are building a good wall there,"  
said a passer-by, stopping to look at a  
workman by the roadside. "Some of your  
material looks rather poor to work with,  
too," and he glanced at a pile of rough,  
jagged stones.

"I ain't pickin' my materials," the man  
answered, simply. "What I'm here for is  
to build as good a wall as I can with the  
stuff that's brought me."

The same is true with the life we are  
building. We can seldom choose our ma-  
terial. Circumstances we cannot control  
bring us this happening or that, bring dis-  
appointment instead of the joy we looked  
for, weakness instead of the strength with  
which we meant to do so much. Many a  
rough and unexpected thing befalls, many  
an occurrence which we not only did not  
desire, but against which we cry out in bit-  
ter protest. Still it comes to us — material  
that some way, for good or ill, must find its  
place in our building. We cannot choose  
our material, but we can choose what we  
will do with it and what it shall do for us  
— whether it shall weaken or strengthen  
the character we are forming. — Wellspring.

It is a minute bug that steals the golden  
berry from the wheat; it is a tiny germ  
upon the leaf that blights the budding peach  
and pear; it is a rough spot upon the potato  
that fills all Ireland with fear of famine; it  
is a worm that bores through the planks of  
the ship's hull and alarms old sea-captains  
as approaching battle-ships could not. The  
enemies of human life are not enemies that  
fill man's streets with banners and charging  
cannon. We wage war against the dust  
mote ambushed in the sunbeam; we fight  
against weapons hurled from those battle-  
ships called drops of impure water; we  
wrestle with those hosts whose broadsides  
invisible rise from streets foul, or fall from  
poisoned clouds. Such enemies that lurk  
in dampness and darkness, a thousand fall  
at thy side and ten thousand at thy right  
hand. That great catastrophe that overtook  
Holland a century ago is not explained by  
a tidal wave that pierced through the dikes;  
the disaster was through the crawfishes that  
opened tiny holes and, weakening the bul-  
warks, let in the onrushing sea. It was but  
a trifling error also that robbed the genera-  
tions of one of man's divinest pictures.  
Three hundred years ago the monks made  
tight and strong the roof above the room

where was Da Vinci's "Last Supper." A  
thousand tiles were fastened down and all  
save one were perfect. The one hid a secret  
hole. When months had passed and the  
driving storm came from the right direction  
the rain found out that hidden fault, and,  
rushing in, a flood of drops streamed down  
o'er the wall and made a great black mark  
across the noble painting, and ruined the  
central face forever. — Newell Dwight Hillis,  
D. D.

Would we know that the major chords were  
sweet,

If there were no minor key?

Would the painter's work be fair to our eyes,  
Without shade on land or sea?

Would we know the meaning of happiness.

Would we feel that the day was bright,

If we'd never known what it was to grieve,

Nor gazed on the dark of night?

— CORNELIA REDMOND, in S. S. Times.

## CONFIDENCES WITH MOTHER

SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

HE was a shy little fellow, quite  
undemonstrative in his nature.  
But he had a secret in his little heart — a  
secret which he wished to share with the  
dearly loved mother.

The mother was sitting by the window  
with her sewing basket at her side. She  
was darning a hole in the knee of the shy  
little fellow's stocking. The boy edged up  
to his mother with an important look on  
his face, as if he were to divulge something  
of great importance, as he whispered: —

"Mamma, I wish to tell you a great  
secret, but I wish you to promise never to  
tell it — not even to papa, or Leslie, or  
Kate, will you?"

"Most certainly, my dear, I will prom-  
ise never to tell my little boy's secret.  
What is it?"

The boy bent down lower and whispered  
in his mother's ear: —

"Marjorie Greenough is my sweetheart.  
Now don't you ever tell!"

The boy's finger was held up as a sign  
of guarantee for his mother, and with his  
face covered with blushes that he had  
been so communicative, he looked up into  
his mother's face. A smile was on it as  
she said: "Marjorie is a sweet little girl."

The boy had confided to his mother  
what to him was a sacred secret; it was in  
her keeping. Mother should know, of  
course, and mother liked Marjorie. With  
a happy heart he went off to his play.

Two hours later he came back to his  
mother in tears, and in broken tones ex-  
claimed: —

"You told, mamma, you told, and you  
promised you would not! Kate has told  
Leslie and the boys, and they have been  
laughing at me!"

"Why, what do you mean, my child?  
I did not tell Kate a word. I promised I  
would not."

"No, but you told Aunt Helen when  
she came to see you this afternoon, and  
Kate was in the hall and heard you, and  
she said you and Aunt Helen laughed.  
O mamma, I did not think you would,  
after you promised! I will never tell you  
any of my secrets again!"

What could that mother say? To her  
the little fellow's secret was a trivial affair  
— a cause for a smile and a little merri-  
ment with Aunt Helen — but neverthe-  
less her promise was sacredly given to the  
child.

Ah! it is often the case that children are



kept from confidences with mother for just such reasons. A promise given to a child should be as sacred as that to grown persons. One may say that such affairs are not of much moment beside weightier ones that come up every day, but they are.

The little fellow's secret was one of great importance to him. The telling of it to mother required quite a long deciding, but mother would never make a promise and break it. The secret was safe with mother, and so he told her. There is nothing so helpful to children as confidence in their mothers. The knowledge that they can go to them with their troubles and joys and tell them over, getting wisdom and good counsel regarding them, has proved a safeguard to many a child. The mother spoken of above not only broke her promise, but exposed her child to ridicule, which with his sensitive nature was more than he could bear.

The wise mother encourages her children's confidences by not treating lightly the subjects which to them are matters of weight. It can hardly seem credible, but hearing with one's own ears establishes the proof of one mother's dishonorableness: A little girl had told her mother something in strict confidence. The mother not long afterward entertained some guests at the table with what had been told her. The girl came in and heard her mother's last words on the matter. Her face showed the greatest astonishment at her mother's dishonorable action, and she exclaimed, in an injured tone of voice: "Why, mother, what did you tell that for? You promised me sacredly you would not tell it, and you have broken your promise!" The weak mother made the matter still worse by trying to clear herself, in saying: "But I made a mental reservation!" What sort of principle was she inculcating in her child by such a remark as that?

To teach our children to be honorable and truthful, we must be so ourselves in all our dealings with them. Some mothers are not at all careful to represent things as they really are when they are telling them to their friends. A child readily sees this. Sometimes a child will venture to say: "Oh, no, mamma, you are mistaken; it was not so, it was so and so." The child may do an act of rudeness, but nevertheless the child was right in the statement and the mother was wrong.

"Mother, you promised to pay Mrs. Brown for putting up the curtains this afternoon. When you go, may I go with you?" said a young girl, coming in from school.

"I'm not going to Mrs. Brown's today," the mother replied. "The walking is bad, and I don't feel like it. I will go tomorrow."

"But, mother, you promised her yesterday that you would surely go today; you promised her, you know."

"Well, I can't help it if I did. I'll go tomorrow."

The mother resumed the book she was reading, and the matter was dropped. But what idea of promptness in making payments and keeping promises would that young girl get from her mother's example?

Thank God! there are many true, honorable, upright mothers to whom children

can go with their joys and sorrows and find a confidence that is never abused; and mothers whose honest, upright dealing is such that the children learn to be true and steadfast, and to be just toward all with whom they mingle.

There is need for very careful thought on this subject. Home life is peculiarly sensitive to every influence from within. The sensitiveness of the home hearts makes it all the more important that the mother should be very careful what she does or says. Encourage the children with little confidential talks, for the time is not far distant when the boy and the girl will need a close, intimate counselor in the wiser mother.

Such intimacies in mother and children are beautiful to see. The grown-up son and the grown-up daughter will not go wrong if they have been brought up to have close confidences with mother and have learned that trusts reposed in her are sacred ones.

Stockbridge, Mass.

### MISS MIRIAM'S RENEWAL

MIRIAM WINSOR gazed at the old photograph in her hand as long as she could see, then leaned her head back on the chair-rest, shut her eyes, and sat passively still. If tears trickled from the closed lids, it was under cover of the twilight, and no one, moreover, was there to see. The innocent little photograph was only the picture of a bright, glowing girl face, fair and young—her own face, just as it had looked twenty years before. It was for the passing away of that face with the years that her tears were shed.

A silvery clock-strike somewhere in the shadows was interrupted by the sound of the tea-bell. This double summons brought a startled response from Miriam. She rose hastily, locked the picture into one of the drawers of her desk, lit the gas for a moment's scrutiny of her reflection in the mirror, and then passed out.

Dr. Winsor and his daughter took tea alone together, as they had done on most days for fifteen years. It was an old-fashioned meal, served in a warm, cozy room, and "supper time" was usually the pleasantest hour of the day. On this particular evening the doctor saw a shadow on the features so dear to him. He peered inquiringly across the table through near-sighted glasses, but asked no question. These two were sometimes quite silent when they were together. They knew and loved each other well enough for that.

Few could have given a reason for the exceptional love and reverence with which the ex-president was regarded in Murray, not only by the faculty and students of the college, but also by the humblest and most obscure resident of the village. Not all his natural gifts, his learning, or his wide experience could fully explain it. One honest storekeeper thus voiced his own conclusion, after some puzzle of mind: "I s'pose we think such a lot of that man just because he is Dr. Winsor!"

"Don't you think you would better tell me what it is, daughter?" suggested the doctor, mildly, after supper, settling down into his long dressing-gown and easy-chair. "Sometimes it helps right things up to speak out." Then, after a pause, and still more gently: "Is it the time of year you are thinking of? That familiar date which comes next week?"

There was a pause again; then Miriam said, slowly, "Yes, father, and no. That anniversary always makes me sad. It was strange that mother should die on my birth-

day. That's enough to make such a day sorrowful. But, father—don't think me foolish—I dread being forty years old! From a child that has always been a kind of natural limit. It's like seven, a perfect number. This irresistible pushing along of time has something terrifying in it. The years so far haven't brought me satisfaction. I'm not ready to go on!"

There was a quiver about the mouth of the father, and moisture under the near-sighted spectacles. The slow, deliberate words of his answer were spoken in tones as soothing as those of a woman.

"Poor girl!" he said, softly. "You have had a heavy heart to carry. To feel old or to fear becoming so is one of the worst of troubles."

He looked searchingly, almost curiously, at his daughter, "Miss Miriam," as she was everywhere called. The curiosity in his eyes changed to something like pain, and he sighed a little wearily as he leaned back in his chair with closed eyes. Miriam noted with a sudden pang the frailty of the spare figure, the thinness of his hands, the silvery gleam of his hair. But even as she looked his eyes opened, and there was a smile in them.

"I believe I have been in this world seventy-five years," he said, in his slow way. "Seventy-five years! That seems a good while, but I do not feel old, I feel safe from age. There was a time, forty or fifty years ago, when I was in danger. I might have begun to lose my young life then, if it hadn't been re-enforced."

There was quite a pause, but Miriam waited, and was rewarded by vehement sentences for which her father was famous:

"Miriam, the divine life of Christ came into mine and arrested its progress toward age. Jesus was never old. He left this world at thirty-three, in the prime of a man's strength. The life He breathes into us by his Spirit is young life. Time cannot touch it. As long as my Lord deigns to live in me, I am young."

Dr. Winsor rose from his chair and straightened his tall form as he said with a half-whimsical smile: "Don't think I am laboring under a delusion. I know how thin and battered and worn I am. I can see the wrinkles and feel the weakness. But this is only incident to my remaining on the earth. When the Lord wants me, He'll make a new body, more fit for the spirit which He has kept young. Miriam, my dear, you know the Lord. Let Him into your life without reservation, and you can't grow old!"

The hours grew late that night before Miriam slept. Her father's words had reached her heart. Most of the next two days she spent by herself in her room or on her favorite walks.

Nobody thought it strange that Miss Miriam was silent and preoccupied. She was often so. But these days were working out for her something that was strange and new. New messages came to her from the leaves of her well-read Bible. The breath of a new life, fresh and warm and vivifying, crept into her heart. She had come to realize Christ. She had felt the thrill of His abounding life, and it welled up like an imprisoned fountain set free in her own soul. Hope and eagerness and joy began to grow again. This possession of eternal youth came not as a new gift, but as a joyful discovery. She had been in Doubting Castle, but all the time she had the key to the door. At last she tried it and was free.

"Something's happened to Miss Miriam," said Maria, the English housekeeper, sagely, to John, Dr. Winsor's man, early the following week. "She's having the parlors cleaned and everything opened up. The carpets'll be faded if she keeps on. But



her face, John—that's brightened most. And she's bringing in ferns and geraniums—the brightest colored flowers. One would think there was to be a weddin' in the 'ouse!"

Maria's bewilderment was in no wise abated when Miss Winsor confided to her certain plans for the following Thursday. Although Maria could not comprehend, she was interested and hearty in executing. She had been a faithful servant for years, and "Miss Miriam" was the apple of her eye. So the two put their heads together with happy results.

"Father," said Miriam softly, standing behind the doctor's chair and touching the gray hair caressingly, "you know tomorrow is my birthday—quite an important one. So I'm going to have a birthday party, if you please."

She stopped, her voice faltering a little, while her father seized her hand and pulled her around in front of him.

"Let me see you, Miriam," and then, as she bent over him, "God bless you, daughter!—and do you want me to come to the party?"

Miriam's laugh was genuine and musical.

"Why, you are to give the party, father," she said. "I can't give it to myself, you know. But I have taken the liberty of sending the invitations. There will be some of the professors and their wives—your special friends—and some students. You know there are some that have a hard time and some that are homesick. And then there are a few young ladies in the village whom I would like to have meet them, and I think we shall have a pleasant company. I am all ready, father. You have only to be at your best and have a good time."

And once again Dr. Winsor murmured, "God bless you!" adding, a moment after, with a genial twinkle in his eye, "I haven't been anywhere for some time, but I'll look as fine as I can."

Thursday night was dark and foggy, but almost every guest reached Dr. Winsor's house at the time appointed. Miss Miriam's invitations had made an undeniable sensation. It was the first time for years that the old mansion had been thrown open to any kind of festivity. Even friendly calls had been few, for all the gentle cordiality of the doctor had been powerless to offset the sad reserve of the mistress of the house. But now the secluded home was full to the doors with warmth and light and color. Everywhere were palms and ferns and flowers, and the long-closed piano stood invitingly open.

Miriam and the doctor received their guests together. More than one paused on the threshold in amazement, for in place of the cold, reserved woman whom all had come to know stood the Miriam Winsor of years before. The black gown, the severe plainness, were gone. Her dress was of a warm tint, with something white and soft at neck and sleeves. The old smile was on her lips, the old light and flush in her eyes and on her cheeks, and yet there was a sweet graciousness, new and fascinating. Old friends were occupied in trying to understand what had happened, new ones in readjusting the acquaintance to fit what seemed a change of identity, while all felt a subtle sense of gladness at the change.

That was an evening of pure social enjoyment from beginning to end. It all came about as Miriam had planned. The "special" ones were there, people whom her father met often, but not in his own home or as recipients of his own hospitality. It was this joy of giving forth, so long denied him, which made the occasion so happy to this young old man. Besides these, the "hard time" and homesick students came to a man—shy and ill at ease at first, but

blossoming out under Miss Miriam's kindness into their real selves, surprisingly superior to those which had hitherto appeared in their college life. They and the village girls were soon on good terms and seemed to find each other mutually agreeable.

There were a few songs with some instrumental music, with bright talk and laughter; but the prevailing spirit was not hilarity. It was rather a deep, subdued joyousness—a contagion from Miriam Winsor's heart. She passed from one to another of her guests, offering to all a gentle friendliness which was a benediction.

Late in the evening Maria might have been found in a corner of the deserted dining-room, where she had dispensed refreshments. Now she was pouring out her mind freely to John, whom she found ever sympathetic.

"She's an angel," she insisted, emphatically, wiping her eyes with her white apron. "They were all noticing her tonight. She's always lovely, but something's come to her lately." Then lowering her voice mysteriously: "Did you see Professor Salisbury look at her, John, when she was talking so sweet to that red-headed young freshman? She didn't know it, but he looked like he was ready to get down on his knees to her. I 'ope the Lord doesn't mean to take her away!"

The last good-night had been said, and Miriam had seen her father to the door of his chamber. Slipping downstairs once more, she passed from one to another of the deserted rooms. The lights, the warmth, the odor of the flowers were still about her, and the glow was still at her heart. She paused at one of the parlor windows and drew aside the heavy curtains. The fog had lifted and the moon was shining. She thought shudderingly of the years of darkness and chill through which she had passed—the selfish years of pride and mourning; then a quick thrill brought the color back to her face as she murmured, softly: "It is just as father said. It is not the years that are to be dreaded, but the letting go of God. That means shutting out the light, and that means death." And up to the starlit sky went the swift, yearning prayer of her heart: "Lord Jesus, henceforth let me lose all things, do without everything—but Thee!"—MARY E. ALLBRIGHT, in *Congregationalist*.

### ABOUT WOMEN

—Lady Gwendolen Cecil, the unmarried daughter who now presides over the household of Lord Salisbury, the British Premier, is one of the foremost English mathematicians.

—Dr. Harper of the University of Chicago recently conferred the degree of doctor of philosophy upon Miss Helen Bradford Thompson, one of the students of the University, in recognition of her remarkable work in experimental psychology.

—A department of archaeology has been established at Smith College. It will be in charge of Miss Harriet Boyd, who has been studying in Athens. Miss Boyd is a graduate of Smith, and was a nurse in the Greek army at the time of the war with Turkey.

—Mrs. Wu, wife of Minister Wu, was reared unlike most Chinese girls. She was fortunate enough to be educated. She had a private tutor and was taught "the general things," literature and history. "What with the little hands and feet," says the *Washington Post*, "the sweet smile, the temper that knows its way, the ebony hair, and grace in the movement of her fan, she is charming enough—a dainty little picture from

the quaint land across the seas. Like the Minister, Mrs. Wu is very popular, not only in her immediate neighborhood, but everywhere she has been in Washington."

—Miss Florence Edythe King, of Warsaw, Ind., has been admitted to practice law at the bar of the Kosciusko Circuit Court, having successfully passed the required examination before a committee of the bar association. Miss King graduated from the Columbia City High School in 1896, and the same year entered Ohio Wesleyan University, of which institution her parents, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Chauncey King, also are graduates. At the University she was the only woman member of the law class of '96, graduating with honors in June, 1899.

### TO SORROWING PARENTHOOD

We search the garden of our love, sore weeping,  
Missing the little plant of rarest bloom;  
Yet God is good, who under kindlier keeping  
Hath found for it, in His own garden,  
room.

We know, we know, how choicer care shall tend it  
Than our unwisdom and these clumsy hands;  
Against all ills God's angels shall foretend it;  
Lo! round its sweetness gather seraph bands.

Father! have patient pity with our sadness,  
Thy strength impart for days and nights of pain;  
Help us to smile, musing of that dear gladness  
Of those we mourn, but soon shall meet again!

Oh, when no more our earthly hopes shall cheat us,  
And we unto our journey's end have come—  
With those we loved already there to greet us,  
How much shall heaven seem like old, old home!

—REV. DENIS WORTMAN, D. D., in *Christian Work*.

### BOYS AND GIRLS

#### STORY OF "THE LITTLE STEEL DAGGER"

FRED MYRON COLBY.

LITTLE Phoebe Brent was just learning to sew, and she had pricked her finger with the sharp point of the needle.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, as she sucked the wounded member, "I wonder what needles were ever invented for."

"Why, Phoebe!" said her mother, reprovingly. "What could we do without needles? One cannot conceive the great calamity that would ensue if every needle in the world should suddenly disappear."

"But they prick so!" declared Phoebe, plaintively.

"Yes, they have sharp points because that is necessary for the work they have to do," replied Mrs. Brent. "It was considered a great accomplishment when at last that very even, polished point was obtained."

"Didn't they always have needles, then?" inquired Phoebe, opening her eyes.

"Not needles like these," answered her mother. "The first needles were made of bone or ivory, and are found among the oldest remains of the Swiss lake dwellings, and in the caves of France and Great Britain, which were frequented by men during the reindeer period, which shows



how important a little instrument it was even in those early ages. Some of those ancient needles were perforated in the centre, which was the thickest part, and others were pierced at the end. A cavern has recently been found in France which yields needles much superior to those of the ancient Gauls, or to the ivory needles of the modern Eskimos, special skill having been applied to the boring of the eyes, which must have been done with a fine flint drill."

"And did they have thread, too, in those old times?" asked Phoebe, who was now through nursing her pricked finger.

"Not such thread as we use. The earliest races used the sinews of animals for sewing. Some of the later Swiss lake-dwellers used bark fibre and coarse thread made of linen. The cave people employed a thread made from split tendons, and perhaps strings of gut, and the fineness of some of their needles indicates the probability that they performed some more delicate work than the sewing of skins. They may have had garments of woven fabrics of linen and bark as well as those of the skins of animals.

"But to go on about needles. The ancient Egyptians used them made of bronze, and bronze needles have been found in Egyptian tombs, which must have been made all of four thousand years ago. I suppose that you know bronze is a mixture of copper and tin?"

"The first steel needles were introduced into England from Spain in the time of Queen Elizabeth; but the art of making them was for a long time kept secret. Finally a Mr. Christopher Greening began to manufacture them at Long Crendon, a few miles north of London, about the year 1650. Great improvements have since been made in needle-making and the 'fine steel needles' of that period bear but a faint resemblance to the delicate and highly tempered instruments of the present time."

"And where are all the needles made, mother, that we use today?"

"Mostly in England, strange to say. A hundred different English villages are interested in the manufacture of needles, but the largest establishments are at Redditch, twelve miles from Birmingham. From this obscure place, which I am sure you will not find on your map, a large portion of Europe, the British colonies, and the United States are supplied. They are also made at Aix-la-Chapelle, and its suburb, Borcette, the latter place being the principal seat of their manufacture on the Continent.

"When we visited England we chanced to go to Redditch, and we went into one of the factories where they make millions of these shining steel sharps. It was interesting to watch the shining steel coil, as it passed through the different processes, until it was changed into quantities of sharp little daggers. At first there is but a coil of steel wire, which is clipped into pieces, each the length of two needles. These are straightened and pointed, by applying them to small, rapidly revolving grindstones. By means of a stamping machine the middle part of these wires is slightly flattened, and a groove is formed, with an indentation where the eye of each needle is to be. A single operator can

stamp four thousand needles in an hour.

"Boys perform the operation of eyeing the needles, using small hand-presses for the purpose. The wires are next divided, the heads filed, and they are set to hardening. They are first subjected to great heat and then cooled suddenly in cold oil; then reheated till they assume a straw color, and once more cooled gradually. Following the tempering comes the process of scouring and polishing, for which purpose the needles are put up in bundles of several thousand, mixed with soft soap, oil and emery powder, and tied tightly in a canvas cover. Several of these bundles are placed in a machine, and by means of rollers kept in continual action for several days. Afterward the needles are cleansed in an alkaline solution, and dried in sawdust. The eyes are then smoothed by drilling, and the needles are sorted, placed in sheets and packed for market.

"You will be surprised to learn that the fine, glittering little instrument with which you are sewing has to pass through the hands of nearly a hundred workmen before it is perfected. So you see that the needle is a wonderful implement after all.

"I forgot to tell you that it costs men their lives to point these little daggers for us. The fine steel dust that flies from them as they apply them to the grindstones is breathed into their lungs and produces a disease called 'grinders' asthma,' and they never grow to be old men. It is a sad thought that such a useful and pretty thing as a needle should cause suffering and death to those who manufacture it."

"O mother, I will never complain again!" said Phoebe, solemnly. "I'm ashamed. It was only a little prick, anyway, not worth minding."

"Well, dear child, I know your words were those of impatience; but suppose that your wish had come true — what a terrible deprivation it would be! Perhaps the very best type of civilization that we have is the needle. Whenever you take up this shining instrument you will now recall the great use it has been to the world. And now, to please me, will you write a composition about the needle, telling all you can find out about it? You may have a week to do it in; then you will hand your paper to me."

Phoebe promised, and one day not long afterwards she very modestly placed a folded paper in her mother's hands. Her composition, which I think is excellent for a little girl of ten years, read as follows: —

#### PHOEBE'S COMPOSITION

I was naughty the other day, and so mother made me write a composition. It is to be all about needles. Needles are made of steel, and men lose their lives sometimes in making them. They used to be made of bone and ivory and bronze. It was easier making bone than steel needles. It takes a hundred men to make one steel needle. They take a piece of steel wire. This is cut and pointed and grooved and eyed and tempered and polished and drilled, till it is all ready to sew with. I would like to visit a needle factory, only perhaps I might get some of the fine dust in my lungs and die. I pity the poor men who have to make needles for a living.

I have read the story of a little girl who

would not learn to sew. Her mother tried to teach her, and showed her some nice clothes she had made. "And did you sit all day boring holes into cloth this way?" she asked her mother. Her mother answered that she did, and that she had made many nice things for herself and others. "Well, it is a teasing thing, this little dagger of mine," exclaimed the girl. "And I am to call it a needle, and sit mewed up all the fine days? I cannot do it, mother," and she ran out laughing to play in the bright sunshine.

There have been other little girls who regarded this tiny dagger as a "teasing thing."

Warren, N. H.

#### LITTLE ELIZABETH C.

Little Elizabeth C.

Was led in disgrace from her tea,  
Because of a dark, grimy streak  
Around on the edge of each cheek.

"You really aren't fit to be seen,"  
Said mother, while making her clean.  
"Look at the posies so sweet,  
Their faces are always most neat."

"I know that the posies are clean,"  
Elizabeth said, "where they're seen;  
But think of their feet in the bed,  
I'm sure they aren't clean as their head."

Then little Elizabeth C.

Went back with her mother to tea.

— L. E. CHITTENDEN, in *Churchman*.



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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

## Fourth Quarter Lesson III

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1900.

LUKE 15: 1-10.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

## THE LOST SHEEP AND LOST COIN

## I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.*— Luke 15: 10.

2. **DATE:** A. D. 30, January.

3. **PLACE:** Perea.

4. **HOME READINGS:** Monday — Luke 15: 1-10. Tuesday — Ezek. 34: 11-16. Wednesday — Mark 2: 13-17. Thursday — Tit. 3: 1-8. Friday — Eph. 2: 1-10. Saturday — 1 Tim. 1: 12-17. Sunday — Rev. 7: 9-17.

## II Introductory

It is difficult in our day and land to form any clear idea of the social and religious dividing-lines which existed in the time of Christ — the exclusiveness of the Pharisees, for example; their contempt for the ignorance of the common people, and their scornful, repellent attitude towards "publicans and sinners." Not the least among the causes of their hating Jesus so intensely was His utter disregard of this principle of caste which they so scrupulously guarded, and the warm, tender welcome which He accorded to the guilty and despised classes among the people. Their anger grew hot as they saw the wretched and the outcasts, whom they spurned, welcomed to His teachings; and their lips curled with proud disdain as they murmured among themselves: "This man," who professes to be a prophet, and to do mighty works, "receiveth sinners," and even degrades Himself so low and is so indifferent to defilement as to eat with them.

No sneer of this kind was suffered to pass, on Jesus' part, without a vindication which not only defended His course and discomfited His critics, but also enshrined for the encouragement of the weary and heavy-laden of all ages truths most tender and persuasive. A flock of sheep on a neighboring hillside probably furnished the first illustration. It was no uncommon thing, they knew, for a sheep to stray from the fold and be lost; and He put the question to them directly, how any one of them would act in such a case. Would the sheep be left to perish? or rather, would not a shepherd, if he deserved the name of one, forget for the moment the safely-folded flock and go in search of the wanderer? and, if successful, would he not return, bearing the trophy "on his shoulder rejoicing?" And would he not summon his friends and his neighbors to share his joy over the recovery of the lost? In like manner, our Lord assured the Pharisees, the repentance of a single sinner was the signal for a "joy in heaven" which "ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance" could never awaken. Again, He depicted a woman who had lost from her head-dress of silver coins a single piece. In the darkness and dust of an Eastern windowless house the coin would disappear from sight. But would not the anxious woman light a candle, and with vigorous broom disturb

the dust in every corner until she found the lost drachma? And then, with beaming countenance, would she not tell her neighbors and friends all about it, that they might sympathize with her joy? Likewise, said Jesus, though ye Pharisees murmur at My interest in seeking "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and the lost coins that bear the stamp and image of My Father, be assured that the recovery of a single one of those whom ye despise awakens joy "in the presence of the angels of God."

## III Expository

1. **Then drew near** (R. V., "were drawing near") — according to their custom; the imperfect tense implying habitual action. **Publicans** — revenue officers, or tax-gatherers, commonly renegade Jews, who were held in the greatest detestation by their countrymen, and classed with thieves and assassins. **Sinners** — truly, or notoriously, such; criminals, outcasts, open violators of the divine law. **To hear him** — not to witness His miracles, merely, but to listen to His words, which contained the hope and comfort they wanted.

The suffering multitudes hailed with instinctive enthusiasm one who, like Jesus, ignored baleful prejudices; taught the sunken and hopeless to respect themselves still, by showing that He at least spoke kindly and hopefully to them, in all their sinfulness and misery; and by His looks and words, no less than by His acts, seemed to beckon the unfortunate to gather round Him as their friend. It must have spread far and wide, from His first entrance on His ministry, that He had chosen a publican as one of His innermost circle of disciples, and that He had not disdained to mingle with the most forlorn and sunken of the nation, even in the friendliness of the table or the cottage. From many a windowless hovel, where the smoke of the household fire made its way out only by the door, and the one earth-floored apartment was shared by the wretched family with the fowls, or even beasts, they chanced to own — a hovel which the priest or rabbi would have died rather than defile himself by entering — the story spread how the great Galilean Teacher had not only entered, but had done so to raise the dying and to bless the living. All over the land it ran from mouth to mouth that, for the first time, a great Rabbi had appeared who was no respecter of persons, but let Himself be anointed by a poor penitent sinner, and sat in the booth with a hated publican, and mingled freely in the market-place with the crowds whose very neighborhood others counted pollution (Geikie).

2. **Murmured** — audibly, but among themselves. The Pharisees were indignant at the facility of access which Jesus permitted to people of this class. **Receiveth sinners and eateth, etc.** — Unconsciously, while sneering at His vulgarity (!), they were offering Him the highest praise. Jesus did mingle socially with sinners, not because He had a relish for such companionship, but because in no other way could He reach them to save them.

That Jesus should outrage the established laws of privilege and exclusiveness, by allowing those to follow Him whom rabbis would not allow to approach them, and, still worse, by receiving them kindly and eating with them, was a bitter offense to the Pharisees and scribes. In their eyes He was degrading Himself by consorting with the "unclean and despicable." Nor could they say anything more fitted to excite the mortal hatred of their class against Him (Geikie).

3. **Spake this parable** — to explain His conduct and enforce the truth. To Pharisaic criticism or interference we are indebted for some of the most beautiful and comforting teachings of our Lord. The same parable occurs in Matt. 18: 12-14, where, however, according to Schaff, the preciousness of the one sheep is emphasized, while here it is the mercy of the shep-

herd in seeking and rejoicing over the one sheep.

4. **What man of you?** — By reminding each individual before Him of what he would do in the case of his being a shepherd and losing a single sheep, He justifies His own conduct as the Great and Good Shepherd. The salvation of the least is worth all the efforts of the highest. **An hundred sheep.** — Whedon notes that the "hundred" and the "one" was a favorite comparison among Jewish teachers. **If he lose one.** — Even "one" is missed by the Good Shepherd, who "knoweth His own sheep by name." **Doth not leave the ninety and nine** — not careless about the safety of the flock, but so anxious for the recovery of the lost one that he forgets all else for the moment. **In the wilderness** — the pasture lands, remote from human habitations. **Until he find it** — in Matthew, "if so be that he find it;" the persistent seeking of the Good Shepherd. How personal and tender is all this in its application to the wandering and the lost!

The argument of the verse furnishes a conclusive answer to what is called the astronomical objection to the doctrine of redemption — the objection that God would not have chosen so insignificant a planet for the manifestation of His greatest love. To love there is nothing strange in His leaving the innumerable host who have never sinned, and who may dwell in other worlds, to seek on this those that have sinned and need His saving grace. The duty of the church is clearly indicated. Its missionary work should be not its incidental work, but its great work (Abbott).

5. **Layeth it on his shoulders** — more

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**I**N the matter of food, the adult person having obtained his growth only requires to repair the waste and maintain the bodily heat; but the little one not only has this to do, but must also provide for an enormously rapid growth and development in addition. This cannot be done on an unsuitable diet. The infant must have a suitable diet.

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exactly "his own shoulders." He does not rebuke the sheep for the anxiety and toil it has cost him; he does not drive it back, or punish it in any way; but tenderly lifts it to his shoulder, and hastens back to the fold, not complaining of the burden, but "rejoicing." We get here a hint of the treatment which the church should exhibit towards a wanderer from its fold.

When I habitually realize not only that Christ will keep His word in receiving sinners, but that He has greater delight in bearing my weight than I can ever have in casting it on Him, I shall trust fully and trust always. Look on the simple picture of His love which Jesus has in this parable presented; look on the words, "He layeth it on His shoulders rejoicing;" look till you grieve for your own distrust and the distrust melt in that grief away (Arnot).

6. **When he cometh home** — when the wanderer is fully restored to the sheltering care of the fold, or, by way of application, to the church and the fellowship of the faithful. **Friends and neighbors** — either the shepherds or pastors; or the angels (verse 10); perhaps both. **Rejoice with me** — not with the sheep, but with me, whose joy in salvation is so great that I need others to share it.

7. **I say unto you.** — I, on My own authority, make this statement; knowing, as I do, heavenly things. **Joy shall be in heaven** — "the only joy on earth with which we have proof that angels sympathize" (Whedon). **One sinner.** — It does not say "many," but "one." The recovery of even one from the paths and peril of sin is sufficient cause for joy among angels. **Ninety and nine just** (R. V., "righteous") persons — as His Pharisaic critics assumed to be. He does not admit that they are "just," but takes them at their own estimate of themselves. Some understand the word "just" to refer to the angels, and others to those who, under the Jewish dispensation, walked, like Zacharias and Elisabeth, in all the ordinances of the law blameless.

He holds up to them God and the angels of God rejoicing at the conversion of a sinner, and silently contrasts this, the liberal joy and exultation of heaven, with the narrow discontent and envious repining that found place in their hearts. The holy inhabitants in heaven did not count scorn of the repentant sinner, but welcomed him into their fellowship with gladness. Would they dare, in the pride of their legal righteousness, and of their exemption from some gross offenses, whereof he had been guilty, to refuse to receive him, keeping him at a distance, as though his very touch would defile them? (Trench).

8. **Either what woman.** — This parable is peculiar to Luke. **Ten pieces of silver** — ten drachmæ, worth about 17.5 cents each. Says Dr. Schaff: "The women of Nazareth still wear around the forehead and face a roll of silver coins, called *semedi*, to which the Saviour here alludes." **If she lose one.** — Says Alford: "In this parable we have set before us the sinner who is unconscious of himself and his own real worth; who is lying, though in reality a precious coin, in the mire of this world, lost and valueless, till he is searched out by the blessed and gracious Spirit. And that such a search will be made, we are here assured." **Light a candle** (R. V., "a lamp") — the light of truth, or the illumination of the Spirit. **Sweep the house** — showing the disturbance and agitation in the sinner's mind which usually attend the efforts of Jesus to recover and save. Schaff understands it to be the "stirring up the dust of worldliness which conceals the sinner's true worth."

In her missionary work the church, inspired by the Holy Spirit, must hold forth the light of the divine truth, must sweep through every part of the world, and seek until she finds the sinner. She must display her light, for valuable as this coin is, it is hid in darkness. She must

sweep the world, for it is buried in the dust of this earth. She must search till she finds, for the precious metal knows not its own value; it is unconscious of its own nature and state. All this, as literal description, was especially suitable in the ancient house; as it was without the wonderful convenience of the glass window, of which the use is now so common that we never think of it among the great inventions (Whedon).

9. **Rejoice with me.** — "This joy of the church over the converted sinner is pictured forth by Jesus to show these doctors of the Jewish Church that if they are of the true church, they will rejoice too" (Whedon).

The church has lost every soul that is lost. Every soul is redeemed by Christ. Every soul is met as it enters probation with the saving power of the Atonement, and is truly an heir of heaven (Whedon).

10. **There is — not will be.** Every spiritual birth resembles the birth of Christ in this respect, that angels celebrate it.

The application of this to the reception of those publicans and sinners that stood around our Lord, is grand in the extreme: Ye turn from these lost ones with disdain, and because I do not the same, ye murmur at it; but a very different feeling is cherished in heaven. There the recovery of even one such outcast is watched with interest and hailed with joy" (D. Brown).

#### IV Illustrative

1. Jesus attracted those whom the world rejected. The despised and degraded came to Him in throngs, because they knew that He would welcome the sinner, while He rebuked the sin. Nothing better marks the contrast between this infinite compassion and the harshness of the Pharisee than the simple words of Luke, "Then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners for to hear Him; and the Pharisees and scribes murmured." Jesus answered these murmurs by His most touching parables. To go into the wilderness, seeking in weariness and pain the poor lost sheep, and forgetting in care for it the ninety and nine which had stayed in the fold — is not this the very work of Christ? Under this tender and beautiful image the early church loved to represent Him, and when she would epitomize the Gospel in one eloquent symbol, she sketched on the sombre walls of the catacombs the figure of the Good Shepherd (Pressense).

2. One evening in 1861, as Gen. Garibaldi was going home, he met a Sardinian shepherd lamenting the loss of a lamb out of his flock. Garibaldi at once turned to his staff and announced his intention of scouring the mountain in search of the lamb. A grand expedition was organized. The lanterns were brought, and old officers of many a campaign started off full of zeal to hunt the fugitive. But no lamb was found, and the soldiers were ordered to their beds. The next morning Garibaldi's attendant found him in bed fast asleep. The attendant awakened him. The general rubbed his eyes; and so did his attendant, when he saw the old warrior take from under the covering the lost lamb and bid him convey it to the shepherd. The general had kept up the search through the night until he had found it. Even so doth the Good Shepherd go in search of His lost sheep until He finds them (Peloubet).

3. "Until." Rev. J. Reed, at a Sunday-school meeting in London, said if he rightly understood the principal duty of Sunday-school teachers, it was to bring the scholars to Christ; and he felt how very important it was that they should not only be themselves in Christ, but should maintain a high standard of piety. Their work, like that of the ministry, must necessarily derive a large amount of influence from the spirit in which it was done. He liked to read that word in the parable of the Lost Piece of Money — "Until." The woman was described by our Lord as searching diligently "until she found it." It meant that she did not merely see the value of the silver; but that she was determined to have it. And he would say to Sunday-school teachers that they need more of the spirit indicated by the word "until," in all their efforts. They wanted a more complete belief in God's truth in reference to individual cases (Biblical Museum).

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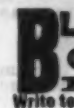
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## OUR BOOK TABLE

**The Black Gown.** By Ruth Hall. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

The "Black Gown" here stands for a Jesuit priest, Father Daubiny. He is not, strictly speaking, the hero, nor does he often appear, yet the book is rightly named for him as being the noblest character in it. He lived on the shores of the St. Lawrence, one of those self-denying missionaries to the Indians, who did and dared so much for their welfare and that of the new settlers a hundred and fifty years ago. His final journey was a most perilous one, which he took with a full knowledge of the great risks he ran, and it was taken in behalf of a British officer, a foe to his religion and his native land. But it seemed a plain duty, and he quoted to his superior, as he set out, Pompey's farewell speech: "It is necessary that I go; it is not necessary that I live." The final scene is a most dramatic one, for he dies at the order of the very man whom he risked so much to benefit, and who in giving the order unwittingly destroyed himself, though he thought he was wreaking vengeance on a foe. The book is, in the main, a love story, with the scene at Albany in the days of the French and English wars before the Revolution. A vivid light is thrown upon those old colonial times, upon Dutch customs, Indian fighting, the spirit of the fathers, and the ever-interesting heart of youth and maiden in their hours of wooing. The villain gets his deserts, and the hero, too, and all comes out as it should.

**In the Hands of the Redcoats.** A Tale of the Jersey Ship and the Jersey Shore in the Days of the Revolution. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York. Price, \$1.50.

Another of Mr. Tomlinson's stories of the American Revolution will be warmly welcomed by those who have read the previous ones. It is a very pleasant way of studying history, for the incidents, we are told, are true, and the setting is certainly attractive. We are permitted to look in very familiarly, as through a window, on the stormy times which so tried men's souls when Tory and patriot so exasperated each other, and men's foes were often from their own households. The horrors of the loathsome hold of the prison ship, where so many dragged out weary months of captivity, are graphically depicted. So are some of the stirring adventures by land and sea, by means of which our liberties were won. Gen. Washington appears, and a few other leaders casually, but the incidents are mostly those which bring out the heroism and the sufferings of the common people. The book will not fail to increase love of country and love of noble deeds.

**Randy's Summer.** A Story for Girls. By Amy Brooks. Illustrated by the Author. Lee & Shepard: Boston. Price, \$1.

This is a pleasing, wholesome tale of genuine girl-life. Miss Amy Brooks, the author, has illustrated books for others, and gives ten specimens of her very best work to beautify her own book. "Randy," the heroine, is a pretty country girl of fourteen, and "Prue," her little mischief-making sister, who occupies almost as prominent a place in the story as Randy herself, is much younger. The story of their summer is one of plain, wholesome life, with sufficient incident to sustain the interest, and drollery enough to amuse. A young lady from the city, who is, however, vastly more worthy and useful than the typical "summer girl," is a very prominent character, and by her skillful efforts brings better enjoyments to the community than they have ever known.

**Rival Boy Sportsmen;** or, The Mink Lake Regatta. By W. Gordon Parker. Illustrated with Pen-and-Ink Drawings by the Author. Lee & Shepard: Boston. Price, \$1.25.

Mr. Parker's previous books, "Six Young Hunters" and "Grant Burton," have at-

tracted much attention from their spirited treatment of out-door life, wholesome tone, and fine illustrations. In this story Grant Burton, hero of the previous volume, returns to school, vastly improved by his experiences. Through his leadership another club of enthusiastic young sportsmen is formed, not hostile to the first, but in friendly rivalry, in pursuance of which they engage in a series of contests, including a hunting match, a fishing match, boat race, etc. An excellent idea of amateur sports is given in a way that could be done only by one thoroughly conversant with them. The sixty-two pen-and-ink illustrations, full-page in part, add greatly to the interest of the book.

**Counsel upon the Reading of Books.** By H. Morse Stephens, Agnes Repplier, Arthur T. Hadley, Brander Matthews, Bliss Perry, Hamilton Wright Mable. With an Introduction by Henry Van Dyke. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

The six papers in this volume are based upon lectures arranged by the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, and delivered in Philadelphia in the winter of 1898-'99. The introduction by Dr. Van Dyke is in his best vein, and covers twelve pages. It is superfluous to say that this is a rare volume; the names of the writers are sufficient proof of that fact. H. Morse Stephens writes upon "History;" Agnes Repplier, "Memoirs and Biographies;" Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale, "Sociology, Economics, and Politics;" Brander Matthews, "The Study of Fiction;" Bliss Perry, "Poetry;" Hamilton Wright Mable, "Essay and Criticism."

**A Commercial Geography.** For Academies, High Schools and Business Colleges. By John N. Tilden, M. A. Author of "A Grammar School Geography." Revised and Enlarged Edition. Thomas R. Sherrill & Co.: Boston.

This is a very important and valuable work. Commercial geography, as the name indicates, deals mainly with the interchange of commercial products. It is also essential that the student should know something about the localities and countries where the raw materials are found, how the latter are obtained, what the processes of manufacture are, how interchange is effected, and what ratio home consumption bears to export. All these important matters are lucidly presented in this volume.

**Collected Poems.** By Arthur Peterson, U. S. N. I. The Divan. II. Songs of New Sweden. III. Penrhyn's Pilgrimage. IV. The Log Book. Henry T. Coates & Co.: Philadelphia.

Chaplain Peterson has been a voluminous writer of poetry. This volume of 260 pages contains his best poetical work. "Poeta enascitur" is here illustrated. He began to write poetry at fifteen, and the lines run on until he was twenty-three. Every variety of subject in nature, persons and things is treated. There are fine poetical taste, inspiration, and fervor.

**Bible School Pedagogy.** Outlines for Normal Classes. By A. H. McKinney, Ph. D. With an Introduction by Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D. D. Eaton & Mains: New York. Price, cloth, 40 cents; paper, 25 cents.

This work is prepared by a practical Sunday-school teacher, who has learned from experience what Sunday-school teachers need. This volume will help the teacher to understand his pupils.

**A Child of Glee;** and How She Saved the Queen. By A. G. Plympton. Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

Miss Plympton's new book should be as popular as her charming story, "Dear Daughter Dorothy." It deals with the adventures of a little girl from Biddeford, Maine, who is traveling in Europe with her father, and is about to witness the coronation of a child queen at the Kingdom of Averill. Little Marjorie's father is made prisoner of state, and the child becomes the playmate of the little queen, and has many

remarkable adventures. A good deal of history is interwoven with the narrative.

## Magazines

—The *Century* for October, with its characteristic sensitiveness to prevailing events, devotes considerable space to China. There is a fine illustrated paper on "China's 'Holy Land,'" one on "The Chinese as Business Men," another on "Chinese Education," and one by Bishop Potter on "Chinese Traits and Western Blunders." William Mason presents the fourth of his "Memories of a Musical Life;" John Morley his "Oliver Cromwell;" and S. Weir Mitchell his "Dr. North and his Friends." (Century Co.: New York.)

—While we are reading so much about Russia in China, and Russia as a menace to the peace and growth of England, we turn with eagerness to Henry Norman's excellent contribution, fully illustrated, in *Scribner's Magazine* for October upon "Russia of Today." Richard Harding Davis writes upon "The Last Days of Pretoria." Chapters 30-32 of "Tommy and Grizel," by J. M. Barrie, are of thrilling interest. The second instalment, with illustrations, of Walter A. Wyckoff's "With Arctic Highlanders," fully sustains the interest awakened by the first. The horrible revelations of "The Slave Trade in America" are brought to a close. (Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.)

—James B. Angell leads the comprehensive and varied list of papers in the October *Atlantic* with his views on "The Crisis in China." Charles H. Moore shows

## WATCH COFFEE

## And Watch it Carefully

Any brain worker that depends on thought for his success in life, uses up daily, by brain work, a varying amount of the delicate particles of phosphate of potash and albumen of which the brain and nerve centres are composed.

The fine, microscopic particles of phosphate of potash are found in quantities in the pores of the skin after the brain has been used actively. This must be replaced from food, or brain fog and nervous prostration sets in.

This breaking down of the little cells each day, from brain work alone, is a natural process, and the cells can readily be built from the right sort of food, if the system is not interfered with by drugs, but if an increased amount of cells are broken down by the use of coffee, trouble then begins.

Frequently it first shows in dyspepsia, lack of power of the bowels to operate properly, or palpitation of the heart or some other lack of vitality and healthy vigor. There is but one thing for a sensible man or woman to do, — quit coffee absolutely. "Hard to do," you say. Take up Postum Food Coffee, use it regularly, have it well made, so it tastes good. You will find a well-defined, unmistakable change in your health, and there is a reason for it.

You have become free from the breaking down force of coffee, and on the other hand, you are taking a powerful, nourishing liquid food which quickly rebuilds the new cells. These are facts — profound facts, ready for any one to prove to their own satisfaction by actual use. Postum Food Coffee is made at the famous pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., and is used by brain workers all over the world. Don't call it a "substitute" for coffee; leave out the coffee proposition altogether. Postum is a liquid food and a true food drink.



that he is a genuine Ruskin student in his paper on "John Ruskin as an Art Critic." L. B. R. Briggs will awaken no little discussion among educators with his article on "Some Old-Fashioned Doubts about New-Fashioned Education." Mary Hallock Foote presents a second instalment of "The Prodigal," and Justine Ingersoll tells "All that I Know of a Certain Star." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston.)

—The *Bibliotheca Sacra* for October is a strong number, and deals with important and vital topics. Perhaps the paper from the revered and scholarly Dr. Henry Griggs Weston on "The Resurrection of the Lord Jesus the Central Fact in Christianity," is the most important. James M. Stifler writes of "The Church at Antioch;" John Wright Buckham, of "Savonarola and Jesus;" and the editor-in-chief, Dr. G. Frederick Wright, upon "The Future of China." As Dr. Wright has recently visited China, his paper is significant and timely. (Bibliotheca Sacra Co.: Oberlin, O.)

—An unusually strong and attractive issue is the October number of the *Forum*. Senator Dolliver's paper on "The Paramount Issues of the Campaign" will attract general attention. Hon. Charles Denby has an important and pertinent contribution on "The Future of China and the Missionaries." Henry W. Lucy writes upon "The British General Election." Edward S. Meade has a very helpful and timely paper on "The Coal Supremacy of the United States." (Forum Publishing Company: New York.)

—Among the many leading papers in the *Homiletic Review* for October are the following: "The Holy Spirit as Essential to Effective Gospel Preaching," Rev. F. B. Meyer; "Outpouring of the Holy Spirit," Rev. G. Campbell Morgan D. D.; "The Pre-eminence of Christ," Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D. D.; "Suggestions from Pulpit Experience," Rev. David James Burrell, D. D. (Funk & Wagnalls Company: New York.)

## Literary Notes

—Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Eleanor," which will be published, even before it runs its course in *Harper's Magazine*, on Oct. 20, has already been ordered to the extent of 35,000 copies.

—"Onesimus, Christ's Freedman," being a tale of the Pauline Epistles by Charles E. Corwin, will be published early this month by Fleming H. Revell Company.

—New illustrated editions of Mr. Hamilton W. Mable's "Nature and Culture" and "Books and Culture" are to be issued by Dodd, Mead & Co. immediately.

—The new Canadian writer, Ralph Connor, whose books, "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot," have placed him in the very front rank of Canadian idyllists, is Rev. Charles W. Gordon, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg. In addition to "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot," Ralph Connor has written a beautiful little idyl, called "Beyond the Marshes."

—Little, Brown & Company publish "James Martineau: A Study and a Biography," by Rev. A. W. Jackson. "It was my privilege to form acquaintance with him in extreme age," writes the author, and he adds: "Of the quiet hours spent with him I need not tell. Suffice that they fixed in my mind the impression of a sage, a hero, and a saint; of one who might converse with Plato, and dare with Luther, and revere with Tauler; an *habitué* of the Academy, who thrilled to the Categorical Imperative, and who knelt at the Cross."

—Correspondents of the late Mrs. Margaret J. Preston are asked to send any letters from her in their possession to Mrs. Elizabeth Preston Allan, Lexington, Va. Mrs. Allan has been authorized by the family to prepare the Life and Letters of the poet for publication.

—J. M. Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel" will be published in book form by Charles Scribner's Sons, Oct. 13. Owing to the fact that 20,000 copies of the book were ordered three weeks before publication, the first edition will include 40,000 copies.

—"The Friendly Year" is the title of a volume shortly to be presented by Charles Scribner's Sons, which includes prose and verse, drawn from the writings of Henry Van Dyke, compiled by Rev. George Sidney Webster.

—"Rita," by Laura E. Richards, which has a beautiful Cuban girl for heroine, is published by Dana, Estes & Co., with illustrations by Etheldred B. Barry.

—John Burroughs' new nature book, "Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers," with fifteen illustrations in color from Audubon, is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—Doubleday, Page & Company announce "A Woman Tenderfoot," by Grace Gallatin Seton-Thompson, wife of the famous artist, author and lecturer, who has been making us all acquainted with his wild animal friends of late years. Mrs. Thompson roughed it with her husband during the trips when he gathered the material for his "Wild Animals I Have Known" and other books. Her narrative is full of outdoor interest.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish a new volume of verse by Edna Dean Proctor, whose "Poems," chiefly of New England subjects, have won for her an enviable reputation. The new book relates entirely to New Hampshire, her native State, and is entitled "A Mountain Maid, and Other Poems of New Hampshire," illustrated by a number of reproductions of photographs of some of the romantic mountain and other scenery of the "Old Granite State."

—The Appletons will publish this autumn Maarten Maarten's "Some Women I Have Known," and a new story by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, entitled "Cupid's Garden."

—"Spanish Highways and Byways" is the title of a book by Katharine Lee Bates, which the Macmillan Company have on the press for early publication. It is a volume of travel, on the lines of Clifton Johnson's "Among English Hedgerows." Miss Bates went to Spain soon after the end of the war, and wandered through the land with her eyes open for the more out-of-the-way and characteristic scenes of country life.

—A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, announce for early publication the second and concluding volume of "Studies of the Portrait of Christ," by Dr. George Matheson, author of "Moments on the Mount," etc. Of the first volume, which met with immediate and large success, an eminent critic wrote: "We have no hesitation in pronouncing Dr. Matheson's 'Studies' the most pregnant, original and suggestive contribution to the subject that has been published for many years."

—The motto of "Red Pottage," by Miss Cholmondeley—"After the red pottage comes the exceeding bitter cry"—has at last been found in a sermon by Dean Farrar entitled, "Selling the Birthright," published in the volume, "Everybody's Christian Life." Miss Cholmondeley herself thought the motto was in the sermons of Rev. John Hamilton Thom, but she was mistaken.

—Prof. W. M. Sloane of Princeton has written an article on "Napoleon, the Boy," to appear in the *Youth's Companion* of October 11. He paints a vivid picture of the early hardships and struggles of a boy of humble origin who became the greatest soldier and statesman of his time, and Emperor of the French.

—Miss Braddon, whose recent novel, "The Infidel," published by the Harpers, has already gone into its second edition, has been for more than thirty-five years one of the most successful English writers. It is said that Miss Braddon's magnificent estate, Lichfield House, at Richmond, was purchased with the profits of a single book, "Lady Audley's Secret," published in 1862. "The Infidel," her latest success, is a strong romance of the early days of Methodism, John Wesley and George Whitefield both being characters in the story. The book advertised in another column.

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## THE ROYAL LIFE

REV. FRANKLIN HAMILTON.

They shall reign in life. — Rom. 5: 17.

WHO are they who really live the royal life? Few would maintain that the royal life necessarily is the life of one who sits in that fierce light which beats upon a throne. Such a ruler might wield a sceptre while, by divine right, he might not be a king. By power he might govern while in life he did not reign. Who, then, is the real king, the real queen? Who are they to whom Paul refers when he writes: "They shall reign in life?" Who are they whom Jesus means when He says: "I appoint unto you a kingdom as my Father hath appointed unto Me?"

Is the veritable king, as Carlyle avers, the *Koenig*, the Canning, the man who can? To the stern prophet of Hero-Worship it seemed as if "God had vanished out of human history when the rugged soul of Cromwell took its flight." Are we, then, to find the true kings and queens of earth among those who, like Cromwell or Napoleon or Peter Schamyl, the Circassian chieftain, have mounted to affluence and power through personal effort, through stubborn daring, through the "steady upward gravitation of natural fitness?" Are these they who live the royal life? Or shall we find the truly regal life in those who are the masters of learning, who have heard the Earth-Spirit whisper her profoundest secrets and have compelled those secrets to beneficent ends? Shall we find the ideal king in the man of possessions, the captain of industry, the Dives who with golden key unlocks or locks the markets of the world, who can call philanthropic institutions and universities into being and thus holds within his own hand the power

"To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read his history in a nation's eyes?"

Are these they who live the truly regal life? Are any of these the archetypes of royalty in the mind of Jesus? Are any of these the souls that dwell apart like stars because they fulfil the promise of the apostle, "They shall reign in life?"

Some may maintain, perhaps, that we cannot enter upon such kingship as is meant by this figurative expression until the warfare of earthly life is ended and the veil of the wider life is lifted. Is it, then, to be with us as it was with Pilgrim Vallant, that not until, in the midst of the dark river, we shall hear the silver trumpets sound for us on the farther shore, not until, like the mysterious monarch of English story, we shall be greeted with sounds from beyond the limit of the world —

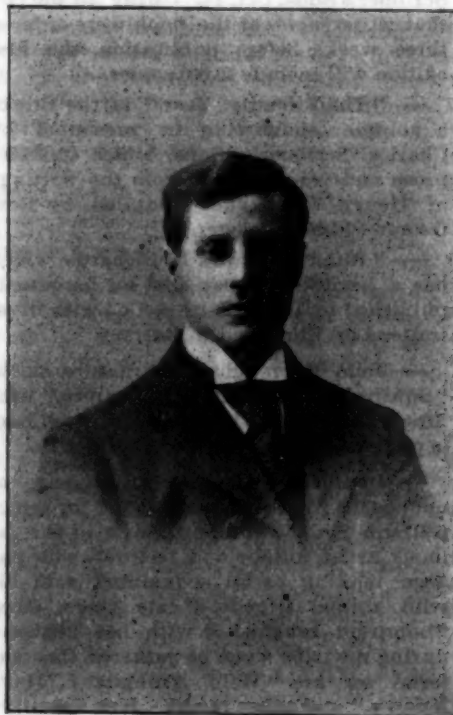
"Sounds as if some fair city were one voice  
Around a King returning from his wars." —

is it true that not until then can we get the "victory over the blandishments of the symbolic beast" and stand among the crowned conquerors in life?

No! Jesus said to His disciples while they were yet on earth and in the thick of the world's conflicts: "I appoint unto you a kingdom!" Paul struck this note of promise while he was himself in his Gethsemane. In the midst of stripes and perils unspeakable the tent-maker of Tarsus burst into a song. He told of a life to be lived here and now upon earth that is so sweet and blessed, so joyous and radiant, that those who live it may be said actually to reign as princes, kings and queens.

Somewhere on earth, then, this kingdom is to be found. Somehow these daily walks and dull, tame commonplaces of our earthly existence are to be transformed into a royal reign. Only, first, we must discover

aright the purple mountains of this kingdom, we must enter into all the length and breadth and height and depth of the princely privilege of this royal life. How shall we explain all that here is conveyed? How shall we make plain the wonderful promise that here is held forth? We may find light, perhaps, through an illustration that I once heard used in a somewhat similar connection. Those who have climbed the



REV. FRANKLIN HAMILTON

Bridle Path up Mount Washington will recall that shortly before reaching the summit they come to an irregular little sheet of water known as the "Lake of the Clouds." This mountain lake or living spring is so sheltered by the towering peaks around that it lies there above the drifting clouds, a perfect mirror, a fleckless sapphire upon the naked bosom of earth. No storms disturb or whirlwinds ruffle its eternal calm. What strikes you first as you notice this placid water is that all the reflections on its surface are reversed. What seems lowest are the vast rocky peaks of Washington and Monroe, while that which appears highest in the glassy mirror before you is the stunted moss which there flecks the last borders of vegetation. The tiny, fading crimson flower of the famished moss proudly lifts its head high above those stately and eternal peaks as the watery surface holds up the whole scene before you. But now stop a moment! Is not this symbolic of life itself as we shall understand life when we stand on that sea of glass before the throne? May it not be that what here on earth towers highest is, when seen aright upon the sea of glass, the lowest, and that what you and I here upon earth deem lowest shall be exalted there as the fadeless flowers in His crown of amaranth? "Gold here is on top. But up yonder they think so little of it that they pave the city's streets with it." Here men and women are mad for social prestige, for political place and power. Here we idolize beauty, learning, and the magic of a name. These are the mountain-peaks of earth that tower stately and eternal; and these we strive to climb, beating out our hearts against their cold and pitiless stones. But these are not the purple mountains of God. These do not mark out the borders of His empire of grace. In the unthralled life it is seen that these are but as the small dust on the balance of that tall archangel weighing

"All man's dreaming, doing, saying,  
In the unimagined years."

So, when we apply this thought to the prob-

lem of the kingdom which we are seeking, we are startled at the revelation which it brings.

"They shall reign in life," says the apostle, "which receive abundance of grace." Mark you! "They which receive abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life." It matters not how poor or how mean they may be; if they will but receive into their lives the abundance of His grace and of the gift of righteousness, *they shall reign in life*, they shall be heaven-crowned kings. No limit can be put to their spiritual development. Step by step they shall be dowered more richly with beauty and power. Because of their acceptance with God, spheres of unutterable sacredness at last shall be open to their footsteps. With them it is as Macaulay said of the Puritans: "If their names are not found in the registers of heralds, they are recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps are not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels have charge over them. Their palaces are houses not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; their diadems crowns of glory that shall never fade away."

The kingdom which is appointed unto you, therefore, is a reign of the Spirit. The royal life is the life that is lifted into a life of privilege, conquest and glory, by becoming suffused with His grace, by being all shot through with the power of righteousness. The real kings and queens of earth,

## ALL DAY SUNDAY

She Thought About a Food that  
Would Agree With Her

An unnatural appetite for rich and improper food is really kept alive by the use of such foods, whereas a change to healthful, nourishing, and scientifically made food, will correct the unnatural appetite. A little woman up at Peekskill, N. Y., Margaret Smith, P. O. Box 193, says: —

"I was such a sufferer from dyspepsia that life was a burden. I could hardly keep from eating all sorts of pastry, cakes, and other rich foods, although they did not agree with me, nor in fact did any sort of food. I became low spirited and discouraged, was too weak to work and very seriously troubled with palpitation of the heart.

"Drugs seemed to make me worse rather of better. A friend said one day: 'I believe Grape-Nuts food would cure you,' explaining that that food was made with great care and intended for the prevention and relief of diseases that were brought about by improper food.

"That was Saturday night, and all day Sunday I kept thinking about Grape-Nuts, and the first thing Monday morning I sent for a package. I had it in my mind that the food would look like nuts, and was disappointed when I found it had to be eaten with a spoon. However, I followed the directions and made a meal of Grape-Nuts and milk, which I found to be delicious, and for the first time in months, I suffered no distress after eating.

"I at once began to feel hopeful that I might be cured at last. Since that day I have used Grape-Nuts constantly, morning and night, and have steadily improved in health, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life; weigh 10 pounds more than I did a year ago, have no palpitation of the heart and can work all day long.

"At supper I have Grape-Nuts mixed with soft-boiled eggs. I make my dinner on any kind of food I desire. One of the best things about this cure by proper food is that I no longer have any desire for the rich, indigestible rubbish of which I used to be so fond."

\* A sermon preached in First Methodist Episcopal Church, Temple St., Boston.



those who do live the truly regal life, are they who through the indwelling Spirit of God have gotten the mastery over self and the world, over the powers of darkness and of hell, and in their own souls have entered upon that beatific vision that comforted the great shepherd-king ere his spirit passed from earthly palaces to join the divine harpers harping with their harps, the vision that unrolled all its splendor before the Son of Mary, when He, standing before a world that was dead-spent with sin, said: "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly."

But stop! This is not all. Paul tells us that we can enter upon this reign of the Spirit only by one way. "They shall reign in life — by one Jesus." If you are to enter into this kingdom of the Spirit, you must enter by the way over which Jesus trod when He came to His appointed throne on Golgotha. The way to the throne in this kingdom is the *via dolorosa* of the cross. In this empire

"The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast,"

are won not lightly. The seat perilous is here for every prince. The palm-bearers are those who have been cup-bearers of His sorrow. Think not to find here the purple trappings of earthly kingship. Here the seal of your imperialism shall be the mark of one — Jesus. And that mark is, His grace for your throne, His Spirit for your sceptre, His image for your crown. In no other way can you fulfil the promise and reign in life as kings and queens, nay, as priests and priestesses unto God.

Explain this, you say. Listen, then, a moment. "Behold, a king shall reign;" and as He reigns He shall be unto others "as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." What the deep, safe haven is to the storm-tossed, fainting mar-



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iner; what the sky-fed mountain river, with its cool, refreshing waters, is to the parched and thirsty desert; what the great rock's saving shadow is to the caravan fleeing from the sand-storm, perishing, all these is a king in this kingdom to be unto others. "Whosoever of you will be the chiefest shall be servant of all, even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." "They shall reign in life by one — Jesus!"

Under the white illumination of such a conception, how our earthly standards shrivel! How quickly we realize that the estimates of success commonly accepted are false. A king after the manner of Napoleon? Why, such a king is a slave, stung by all the scorpions of human hate and lashed by all the furies of divine justice! A king after the manner of money-bags? Why, most millionaires are like butternut trees. They impoverish the ground upon which they grow. A king after the manner of learning? Why, the most accomplished, the most brilliant men and women often are the most notorious degenerates. In some particulars, Schopenhauer, perhaps, was the most gifted man whom this century has produced. In character, however, Schopenhauer was a *misérable*; in the eyes of all righteous men most despicable. Compare such a life with the life of some simple, unlearned soul, as, for example, John Brown, whom royal character "lifts from the herding of sheep to a lordly place among God's heralds to men." Murat Halstead, who saw John Brown die, says that as the old farmer stood there on his scaffold "a weirdness crept into his face as if his eyes beheld unearthly scenes. He must have seen cloud-capped domes not rounded by human hands — invisible to mortal eyes. It was as if that old man as he waited there on the scaffold beheld as in a dream — as one sees at night, in stormy darkness when there is a flame of lightning, a misty mountain-top — a vision incredible and yet certain, a vision of his own apotheosis and immortality," when in the avenging after years of the Lord the nation should rock to the song:

"John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,  
But his soul is marching on, —  
Glory, Hallelujah!"

Ah! but that is the reward that is assured every knight-errant of God, —

"A name to fright all tyrants with; a light,  
Unsetting as the polar star; a voice  
Heard in the breathless pauses of the fight  
By truth and freedom ever waged with wrong."

Come, then, let us reason together. It is a grander thing by far to be nobly remembered than to be nobly born. Professor Blackie used to tell his students that money is not needful; liberty is not needful; even health is not the one thing needful; but "royal character is that which alone can save us. If we are not saved in this sense, we certainly must be damned." I know of nothing that so clearly has brought home to my heart this truth as a strange happening in the experience of a friend of mine. This friend had been invited to address the prisoners at the Elmira Reformatory. In this reformatory, as all know, the inmates wear clothing of different colors. The most tractable and obedient prisoners earn, in time, the privilege of wearing ordinary citizen clothes. Those who are guilty of slight misdemeanors wear suits of blue. The incorrigible, however, those of whom there is small or no hope of redemption, are clothed, as a mark of their evil bondage, in complete suits of flaming red. This friend, of whom I speak, addressed the

prisoners and afterward was invited to visit a young man in the hospital. He found him lying on a pallet alone in the long bare attic which served as a sick-ward. He was dying of consumption and he was an incorrigible. My friend talked with him and tried to learn something about him — about his past life, his family, and his home. But it was in vain. "I am here," said the dying prisoner, "under an assumed name. It will soon be all over now. My friends never shall know my disgrace, or what became of me." The visitor tried to console him by speaking of a new start, a new life and higher hopes. But it was useless. The young man simply shook his head, turned his face to the wall, and said: "But I wear red! I wear red!" What a tragedy! His was indeed a crimson crime. He had sinned against character, and lo! a castaway!

But now, on the other hand, consider. One of the most regal natures that Anglo-Saxon civilization has produced was a poor, illiterate Cornish miner, Billy Bray. And why? Because through grace and the gift of righteousness he had entered into the promise, and was, indeed, the "King's Son." Was it not for the self-same reason that they called Frances Willard "America's Uncrowned Queen?" Was it not just because of this that there was no need of those draped flags or the sound of those muffled drums as they bore to the grave all that was mortal of Catherine Booth, to

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announce to the world that humanity that day was losing a queen?

Oh! I rejoice that, at last, we are beginning to exalt ourselves to this right conception of the fulness of royal character by which, indeed, we may reign in life as sons and daughters of the great King. Each one of you is called to be a member of a royal race and to wear a crown. Here and now on the streets of your own city, in the school, at the bench, in the home, wherever the swirling maelstrom of life finds you, here where others, despairing, may hear but the roar of the breakers on the farther shore, here, you by the vision splendid may pass on your way attended, a king or queen, a priest or priestess unto God. Search your heart now, then, and pray the All-Father to teach you to reign for Him. "I fear John Knox's prayers," said Mary Queen of Scots, "more than an army of ten thousand men." Ask God to make your life one of imperial victory. It was said of Queen Louise of Prussia that one could not approach her without loving her for her tender, queenly grace. Pray that your soul may be so filled with His divine sweetness that your life shall be a savor of life unto life, a sweet savor of Christ unto God. To the Queen of Sheba Solomon gave all her desire, and then, as a supreme mark of his kingship, he gave her in addition "of his royal bounty." Pray, not that you may fulfil your spiritual duties merely, but that you may give yourself in utter abandonment for His name's sake. But above all things else pray that you may have the King's own heart of holy fire. He who shall fight the good fight of the coming century must be what Heinrich Heine calls a Knight of the Holy Ghost. Pray that your life's sacred shield shall flame with the fire of Pentecost. Then, linked with the force that rolls the stars along, ride forth to the help of the Lord. Help Him by your hand and by your knightly sword. Help Him by your thoughts and by your prayers. Help Him by the holy passion of your living. Help Him to win, within these com-

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"Never a sigh of passion or of pity,  
Never a wail for weakness or for wrong,  
Has not its archive in the angels' city,  
Finds not its echo in the endless song."

### Martha's Vineyard Camp-Meeting Association

REV. W. T. WORTH.

At the request of the Association, I make this public statement of the history and present status of the organization, for the benefit of the churches which, up to this time, have been represented in the Association by delegates; and for the information of the general public.

About the year 1835, a company of Methodists residing in Edgartown, Mass., commenced holding a camp-meeting at a place then called "East Chop," within the limits of the town. Some years afterwards the town was divided, and the portion including this spot is now a part of Cottage City. Similar meetings have been held there yearly until the present time, with the exception of one year, early in the history, when the meeting was held in the town of Westport. At first the appointments were very primitive and simple. The interest was continually increased by the spiritual results, and soon the space now called "Trinity Park" was filled with society tents, representing churches on the island of Martha's Vineyard and the adjoining mainland, and cities as far distant as Providence and Newport, R. I. The rude preachers' stand gave way to a better one; and the ample tent and the new stand were superseded fifteen or twenty years ago by the splendid iron tabernacle which now adorns the spot. Many now living, and many more who have died, have attributed their conversion, or their mighty spiritual quickening, to agencies used here.

Later on, when the financial interests had grown larger, steps were taken toward incorporation, which was effected May 1, 1868. By that act W. B. Lawton, G. F. Gavitt, and J. D. Flint and their associates and successors, were made the custodians of all the property interests of the Association. By the by-laws adopted under this charter, the "associates and successors" were the presiding elders whose districts were represented by delegates; the pastors and delegates from churches designated; the board of directors; the agent of the Association, and the chaplain of the New Bedford Port Society. This arrangement, though somewhat cumbersome, worked well for a number of years. The business was done by a board of eighteen directors, with whom were associated the president, vice-president, agent and treasurer of the Association, and any Bishop temporarily residing there.

By an evolution which could not be prevented, the societies gradually ceased to appear at the camp-meetings, and the last dilapidated tent-frame disappeared some years ago. These societies still continued to appoint delegates to the annual business meeting; but they, in their turn, have seemed to lose interest in the management, and the meetings lately held have called out only a small minority. Under these circumstances, it seemed absolutely necessary that such changes should be made in the by-laws as would vest the property in a corporation less extensive, and more nearly associated with the place and the cause. The best legal advice was obtained by the committee appointed for the purpose; and the committee reported to the Association at its annual meeting in August, 1899. By unanimous vote, the meeting was adjourned to give further time for thought and decision. The adjourned meeting was called for March 30, 1900, at Providence, R. I., the time and place of the New England Southern Annual Conference, with the hope that a full attendance might be had. The directors were present; but, besides them, there were present only four or five out of a possible eighty. All had been notified. It seemed very clear to those assembled that the proposed change was wise and timely. So the new by-laws were adopted, no one voting against the measure.

Under the new regulations the "associates and successors" of the original incorporators are the twenty-one men elected as the Martha's

Vineyard Camp-meeting Association, and those who may in years to come succeed to their places. These are to be elected in October at the annual meeting. The reason for the change of the annual meeting from August to October is that in the summer no officer can make a full report, as moneys are constantly being received and work is being done. By October the season is practically finished.

So on the 12th of this October the old board of directors, and all others legally summoned will meet and elect three classes of members—seven in each class, two of whom shall be ministers, and five of whom shall be laymen, twenty-one in all; one class to serve one year, the second for two years, the third for three years. No person shall be a member who is not in good and regular standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church. From this list shall be annually selected a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and agent. The president shall preside at the business meetings, and at all public services held under the auspices of the Association, and have charge of all arrangements pertaining thereto. He shall countersign all notes and obligations of the Association, and shall be chairman, *ex officio*, of the committee on religious services and music. The other officers shall perform the duties usually pertaining to such offices. There are other committees besides the two mentioned—on assessments and transportation; and a new

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committee on finance is called for by the fifth article of the by-laws. This is as concise and full a statement of the situation as I can give.

Auburndale, Mass.

### Bromfield St. Church Noon Meetings

With the sanction of the Bromfield St. Church, I assumed the responsibility for, and the direction of, the noon meetings in that church when the Evangelistic Association gave them up, last January. During that time, with the exception of my four weeks' vacation in August, I have held a noon meeting daily. Representatives of all the churches and of the Salvation Army have spoken at these services.

During this time many have been converted, many have been comforted, many have been encouraged, and many won from intemperance to sobriety—saved to themselves and to their families. One of the most remarkable things about these meetings is the number of men that have been won from intemperance. Men on the edge of a drunkard's life, men on the verge of losing their employment because of growing intemperate habits, and men who seemed to be confirmed drunkards, have alike been reached and saved. This work has been carried on without appealing to the benevolent public for financial support. But it has been done because of the gratuitous service which many have given. With the opening of the meetings in the fall a change becomes necessary. I must hire an organist and a chorister in addition to the speakers; and to do this I must have some financial backing. The church does not, and cannot, assume any financial responsibility for these meetings.

The work grows, and its very success is an embarrassment. A large number of the men converted are out of work. What shall be done with them? They must not be allowed to walk the streets. That were to invite them to return to the habits which have wrought their ruin. They want work. They do not want charity. And they must not be pauperized. There ought to be some way of finding work for them. Experience has shown me that this can be done. In connection with these noon meetings it has become necessary to have some sort of an employment agency, that, without expense to these men, will bring together the men who are seeking work and the men who are seeking workers. In this way the reformations wrought in these meetings could be made more permanent, and much suffering could be avoided.

Again, a large number of the converts come from the surrounding towns, some even from distant States. The names and the addresses of all should be taken, together with their church preferences, and then the pastors of such churches notified. This work ought to be done. It is for the interest of all the churches that it should be done. But it involves an amount of extra labor that the pastor of the Bromfield Street Church simply cannot undertake unaided. He wants to have it done; but there is a limit to what he is able to do.

This will give you an idea of what is being done. We need about \$100 a month, in addition to what we receive in the daily collections, to carry on this work. Can you help? I am looking for a list of subscribers who will give anywhere from ten to one hundred dollars a year to aid this work. A few people have helped me voluntarily. I am now looking for others.

Please remember I am not appealing in the interest of the Bromfield St. Church, for that church derives no benefit whatever from these meetings, save the benefit of helping the needy through its pastor. I am not appealing in the interest of any denomination, for the meetings are undenominational, and all the denominations share in the fruits of these labors. I am not appealing in my own behalf, for I have received, and shall receive, no compensation for these meetings. All the additional work involved in them is a voluntary, gratuitous service on my part, and is cheerfully given. I am appealing in behalf of the poor, needy men and women, in behalf of the lost who can be saved, in behalf of the intemperate who can be won to sobriety, in behalf of the kingdom of God on the earth, in behalf of Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Subscriptions or money may be sent to me at the church, or to Mr. Carr F. Letteney, 84 Province St., Boston, who has kindly consented to act as treasurer.

JOHN GALBRAITH,  
Pastor Bromfield St. M. E. Church.

I heartily join in the above appeal.

W. F. MALLALIEU,  
Bishop of Methodist Episcopal Church.  
W. T. PERRIN,  
Presiding Elder of Boston District.  
LEWIS B. BATES,  
Conference Evangelist.  
MINER M. DEMING.

## THE CONFERENCES

### NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

#### Manchester District

*A Word of Exhortation.*—Now that we are at the time of year for special services, we hope the brethren will seek the salvation of the people above everything else. Look after the benevolent collections, and do your best for the Twentieth Century Thank Offering. Let all the people do their best in these lines. But, brethren, if no one is converted or helped to higher things, we are below the purpose of the church in the world. Let us begin at once, and never stop till victory comes. To have a strong church we must know as well as be regenerated. Take ZION'S HERALD and be an intelligent Methodist. Get it into every family, if possible. I am glad to know I never had a charge where I did not increase the circulation of the old HERALD. It ought to go into every Methodist home in New England. Then pray and work day and night, if necessary, for a glorious revival.

*Grasmere and Goffstown churches are prospering.* Reports show a larger attendance, and more interesting services than at any time previous this year. At Grasmere they are making purchase of \$25 worth of new books for the Sunday-school library. The pastor, Rev. E. S. Collier, has preached by invitation for three years in succession the memorial sermon for the "United Order of American Mechanics," and also the last two years for the G. A. R. Mr. Collier is deservedly popular with his people.

*Personal.*—We would thank the brethren for so many expressions of sympathy in our great affliction by the loss to our son Charles of his left arm. He is doing well, and in about ten days more will be able to leave the hospital.

#### Concord District

*South Tamworth.*—At our first visit we received 10 on probation and baptized 7. At the second visit 3 more joined on probation and were baptized. Some others were expected, but were not able to be present. Rev. W. S. Frye is pastor.

*Moultonboro.*—Many of the summer guests have been very helpful in the services. They have taken part in the social services, aided in the choir, and helped in the finances. One thing

they did was to raise about \$50 to be used toward building a piazza at the parsonage.

*Centre Sandwich.*—Rev. E. R. Perkins is pushing his work with great vigor. There is a growth in all departments. The average Sunday morning congregations have been 115 at the Centre, and at East Sandwich enough to give him about 200 different persons to preach to each Sabbath. The revival at the East part shows in the week-night prayer-meetings, there being 40 present beside the pastor a few evenings ago. Special meetings have been delayed a week or so by reason of the continued services of Miss Francis, the evangelist, at Eaton, N. H. A good work is looked for.

*Plymouth.*—The repairs are in progress. We were called there on a week-day afternoon to baptize a young man by immersion.

*Ashland.*—A wide-awake pastor helps to keep a wide-awake church, and a wide-awake church will keep a wide-awake preacher on the hustle. These two having come together at this place, an active campaign all the time is assured. Rev. E. C. E. Dorion is not only planning what he can do for his people, but planning what he can make them do. They are very willing followers of their shepherd. Everything moves well. Revival meetings are to begin soon. Showers of blessing are looked for.

*Ellsworth.*—"Over the hills" to Ellsworth is not an easy trip, but Rev. A. P. Reynolds makes it twice a week, rain or shine. In three and a half years we have been there four times a year. Whether week-day or Sunday, we expect to preach a little and have the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Our recent visit was when men were busy picking apples and digging potatoes, so the congregation was very small; but we went through all the motions of a little sermon and the communion, and held the quarterly conference. Twenty-eight miles over the hills to meet five persons! Who knows what may

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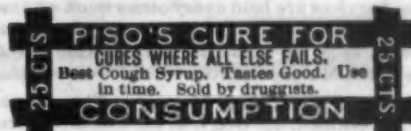
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come as fruit from it? We have left the seed, and God will take care of it.

**West Thornton.**—After our return from Ellsworth, we found a small congregation here, to whom we broke the bread of life and inquired into the affairs of the church, when we were ready for a night's rest. The next morning two preachers, one the pastor of the church and the other some one else, with guns on their shoulders, took to the woods. They did no harm to the woods, the game, or themselves. The pastor is quite a hunter, but the other party—well, he might shoot something if it was only large enough so that he could not help hitting it. If he had seen a partridge on that trip, after he had fired he might have said, "It is well with the bird," for said partridge would probably have walked off as frisky as ever. But it was an invigorating tramp through the woods, and when train time came, we turned toward the south, having completed the work of the second quarter. It has been a short quarter—only ten weeks. We held 41 out of the 55 quarterly conferences, and preached 35 times, beside having the camp-meetings at Weirs and Groveton and being present two Sabbaths at the dedicatory services at Bethlehem. B.

**Dover District**

**Hedding Chautauqua.**—The board of managers of the Hedding Chautauqua Association met at Hedding, Wednesday, Oct. 3, and considered plans for the season of 1901. A most satisfactory condition was reported, showing the Association to be entirely out of debt and situated so as to branch out on an extensive footing next year. It is proposed to make some changes in the general plan which, it is hoped, will prove at once more popular and satisfactory. The management expects to secure a very strong program and to have it fully prepared early next year. Prof. E. S. Riley, of Lawrence, Mass., was elected treasurer of the Association; Prof. Edgar H. Banker, of Lowell, Mass., musical director; and Rev. E. C. E. Dorion, of Ashland, N. H., superintendent of instruction and assembly director.

**West Hampstead.**—Rev. L. N. Fogg is pushing for victory. His brethren are assisting him. Meetings are well attended, interest good.

**East Wolfboro.**—Much-needed repairs on the church must be made before winter. The society has raised \$5 for the India sufferers and \$5 for Education. The pastor has a normal class in Bible study in the Sabbath-school.

**North Wakefield.**—Ten dollars were raised for India sufferers. The pastor was in Boston for a while in the summer, receiving treatment for eczema. He is now in his usual health.

**Milton Mills.**—Rev. E. J. Deane, of Hinsdale, is taking a well-earned vacation, visiting his sister and other friends, of whom he has a goodly number in town. Rev. R. H. Huse, local preacher, has entered Drew Seminary. Rev. A. M. Markey is planning great things for the Preachers' Meeting, Oct. 9 and 10.

**Lawrence, St. Paul's.**—The Sabbath-school and congregations are steadily growing. Fourteen new members were recently added to the church.

**Personal.**—Rev. G. M. Curl and family have the deep sympathy of a host of friends on Dover District because of the accident which has come to their son Charles.

The death of Rev. A. C. Coult removes another spiritual landmark of the Conference. A worthy man has fallen. To me it is a personal loss. Mrs. Coult has our sincere sympathy. EMERSON.

**MAINE CONFERENCE**

**Portland District**

**Newfield and Shapleigh.**—The many Maine Methodists who are familiar with these old towns and their churches, will be pleased to know that Mrs. Dr. Trafton is still living, and opens her hospitable home for the presiding elder and for any other Methodist preachers who come that way. Most of the older members have retired from active service, and the congregations are made up mostly of young people. Services are held every other week at Shapleigh. The pastor has been enjoying a three weeks' vacation with Mrs. Nottage among their friends in Massachusetts.

**Portland Preachers' Meeting.**—The sessions were resumed, on Oct. 1, at the Chestnut Street

Church. Sixteen were present, including nearly all of Portland and vicinity. Rev. F. A. Leitch read an able paper upon the subject: "Was the Fall of Man Actual or Potential?" Fourteen took dinner at the Sherwood House at 1 o'clock. All Methodist preachers are cordially invited to attend these meetings.

**Ministerial Association.**—The Portland District Association will meet, October 25, at Chestnut St. Church. Prof. H. G. Mitchell of Boston and Chancellor Day of Syracuse are the speakers. Pastors and laymen are earnestly invited to make their plans to attend this meeting, and give the distinguished guests large audiences.

**Portland, Peak's Island.**—Owing to the illness of his wife, Rev. L. H. Bean has given up his charge and will return soon to his home in Kennebunkport. Mrs. Bean is slowly gaining strength. The people very much regret their loss. Our church is the only one on the island, and needs now a young man of good ability who is willing to do hard work on a small sal-

ary. This church ought to become a strong one, and the outlook is hopeful. E. O. T.

**N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE**

**Norwich District**

**Manchester.**—Spiritual prosperity and material improvements are the points toward which the pastor, Rev. R. D. Dyson, and his loyal people are bending all their energies, and the success already attained gives good promise of ultimate victory. The effort to raise \$1,000 is meeting with a hearty response from the people, and more than four-fifths of the amount is secured, conditional on the full sum being raised. Four hundred dollars will be expended in necessary repairs, painting the exterior of the church, replacing the oil lamps with electric lights in church and vestry, and other improvements. The remaining \$600 will be applied on the debt, reducing it to \$1,000, which, with their legacy of \$2,000, will leave the church practically out of debt. Several have recently joined by

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letter, and a spirit of hopefulness and good courage prevails. (1 Cor. 15: 58.)

**East Hartford.**—The work in this comparatively new field is also under the pastoral care of Rev. R. D. Dyson. Two persons were recently received on probation. The work is very much hindered by the lack of a suitable place in which to hold the services. (Neh. 2: 17-18.)

**Jewett City.**—Increased attendance, interest and enthusiasm in the prayer and class-meetings are the sure indications of spiritual prosperity which makes glad the heart of the pastor, Rev. H. E. Murkett. The *Jewett City Press* speaks in the highest terms of the pulpit work of the popular pastor. (1 Cor. 2: 1-5.)

**Moosup.**—A very cordial public reception was accorded to the new pastor, Rev. Ernest W. Burch, and wife in the church vestry, Monday evening, Sept. 24. President J. R. D. Oldham of the Epworth League presided, and in behalf of its membership extended a cordial greeting, pledging the hearty co-operation of the League in every endeavor for the promotion of the kingdom of Christ; Miss Bertha L. Sprague presented the greetings of the Ladies' Aid Society; Harry L. Wilson, the oldest member, voiced the greetings of the church; Superintendent Thomas E. Main spoke for the Sunday-school; Rev. E. Sanderson, of the Baptist Church, brought the greetings of the sister church; and Mr. Charles F. Burgess, editor of the *Moosup Journal*, and an earnest, devoted Christian, spoke the kindly greetings of the village. The pastor expressed his gratitude for the delightful spirit of fellowship as expressed in the several greetings, and voiced the hope that all the machinery of the church would be subject to the Holy Spirit, that, filled with His power, it might do something. Miss Daisy Oldham, in behalf of the League, presented Mrs. Burch with a basket of beautiful flowers. Music and refreshments added to the enjoyment of a most delightful occasion. (2 Tim. 2: 15-16, 19.)

**Old Mystic.**—On Sunday, Sept. 23, the pastor, Rev. Albert E. Legg, received 6 persons into full membership, and there are more to follow. In the evening Ralph S. Cushman, a student campaigner, presented to the Epworth League the cause of Christian Missions. The League voted to purchase the Campaign Missionary Library, and to have a study course on missions during the coming winter. Sept. 30 was observed as Old Folks' Day. An early morning love-feast, conducted in the old fashion with bread and water, was a season of spiritual blessing. A delegation of former members and attendants from Mystic were present. One old man over ninety years of age gave a glowing testimony. At this service Rev. William A. Taylor, a local elder who has been preaching under the presiding elders for over twenty years, renewed his church relations with this people, and a young man, about thirty, who was brought up a Roman Catholic, was received on probation. The finances are in good condition, and the people respond to the call for the benevolences as though they appreciated the luxury of giving. (Hebrews 6: 10-12.)

SCRIPTUM.

#### New Bedford District

**Fall River, Summerfield Church.**—On July 29, 15 were received from probation. The pastor, Rev. O. E. Johnson, was granted the entire month of August for vacation, and enjoyed a much-needed rest. The death of Mr. George Whittaker is a great loss to family, church and community. He was superintendent of Sagamore Mills, greatly beloved by all who knew him. The funeral was from the church, Aug. 7, and was largely attended, business associates, employees and church people mingling their tears of grief together. The work of the Twentieth Century Forward Movement is being vigorously pushed by the pastor.

**East Falmouth.**—The church has undergone some needed repairs. A new carpet has been paid for and money raised to complete repairs without incurring debt. Aug. 26, the hearts of the pastor, Rev. C. A. Lockwood, and wife were gladdened by the advent of a little daughter.

**North Dighton.**—The grove-meetings of the summer were a means of holding and strengthening the religious interest. Oct. 21-23 will be observed as reunion week. Bishop Mallalieu will preach Sunday morning, Oct. 21, and conduct a Gospel service in the evening. At 4 o'clock there will be a love-feast, led by Rev. E. A. Lyon, who was pastor here in 1844. Monday evening will be given to a reunion supper,

with after-dinner speeches. All former pastors are invited guests. The remainder of the week will be devoted to reunion sermons and an address: Tuesday, Rev. G. H. Bates, pastor '75-'76 and '82-'84; Wednesday, Rev. John McVay, licensed by this church; Thursday, Rev. G. E. Brightman, pastor '88-'89; Friday, address to Epworth League by Rev. J. F. Cooper. The closing day of the feast will be Sunday, Oct. 28, when Presiding Elder Everett will preach at 10.45. Dr. M. J. Talbot, recommended to the Annual Conference by this church in 1844, will conduct a harvest home service at 4 p. m. and lead the general praise service at 6 p. m. Former members of the church or congregation may learn of arrangements for entertainment, etc., by addressing the pastor, Rev. H. H. Critchlow.

**Zion's Herald.**—The liberal offer to send the *HERALD* for fifteen months for one year's subscription, which need not be paid until the next Annual Conference, ought to lead every pastor to push the canvass for subscribers and supplement his own work by the weekly visits of the church paper.

L. S.

#### Providence District

**Woonsocket.**—The many friends of Mr. George W. Lothrop will be glad to learn that he is able to be out once more after his narrow escape from death in the burning of his tenements, July 23. Several others were injured in the fire, and one fatally. It was in the brave attempt to

rescue an old lady that Mr. Lothrop, enveloped in flames and overcome by the exertion of carrying his burden down the ladder, fell to the ground. For several weeks his condition was critical, but he is now regaining the use of his hands as well as recovering from the other injuries. With accustomed energy he is overseeing the construction of a new block. Anniversary week began Oct. 7 with a sermon by the honored veteran of this Conference, Rev. Micah J. Talbot, D. D., on "The Old Paths and the New." In the evening at the Epworth League anniversary the subject was, "Lessons from the Past." Rev. J. H. Nutting, chaplain of Rhode Island State Institutions, delivered the evening sermon on "Pharisee and Publican." At the banquet on Monday evening Mayor George W. Greene presided, and Rev. J. H. Nutting acted as toastmaster. Following the supper Rev. S. M. Dick, Ph. D., pastor of Mathewson St. Church, Providence, gave an address on "The Church and the Labor Problem." On Wednesday evening Rev. A. J. Coultas, of Trinity Union Church, Providence, spoke on the subject, "The Church for the Hour." Friday evening, Rev. Hartley A. Ridgway, of Washington Park Church, Providence, preached on the "Secret of Power." The pastor of the church, Rev. Lewis Bates Coddington, is a tireless worker and very successful.

**Hope.**—One of the best and most interesting services was held here on the evening of Sept. 16. It was the graduating exercises of two large classes from the primary department of



**Not a "bicycle face"**  
but a "washboard face"—the kind of face a woman wears after a tussle with the washboard. If you don't want to have it fixed upon you, use Pearlline.

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No more "dumpy" mattresses! No more "hillocks," no more ridges, no uneven wear! Twice the durability and four times the comfort of the ordinary mattress.

Our new process is a system of lacing instead of tufting. This makes the mattress at once adjustable. It laces in three sections, and each is independent of the other. You can have a hard bed or a soft one. Or you can have a hard side and a soft side in the same bed.

Above and below the hair are cross-banded layers of pure lamb's wool. This counteracts any hardness of the hair when very tightly laced. It is the most luxurious mattress known, and it will outlast any mattress ever made.

We make our Paine Laid mattress either laced or plain, and we will make our Laced Mattress either laid or stuffed. All our best mattresses now have the famous French imperial edge.

Don't think of ordering a mattress until you have seen our new styles and new Art Tickings. Canal Street prices on all grades.

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the Sunday-school and their admission into the intermediate department. Miss Annie F. Emmons is superintendent of the primary department, and her assistants are Miss Hattie Needham and Mrs. Mary J. Abel. They planned and directed the exercises, which consisted of concert repetition from memory of the 1st, 23d and 121st Psalms, the Beatitudes, Ten Commandments, names of the books of the Bible, the Apostles' Creed, together with appropriate songs interspersed. Addresses were made by the superintendent of the school, Mr. E. P. Emmons, and the pastor, Rev. J. N. Geisler. The color worn by the members of the incoming classes, a source of enthusiasm and a happy bond of union, was presented to the school. With the close of vacation the congregations here show a very encouraging increase, although they have been of usual size during the summer. The superintendent of the Junior League, Miss A. Mabel Latham, was recently elected second vice-president of the Providence District League.

**Personal.**—Rev. G. W. Anderson, of 250 Vermont Avenue, Providence, and one of the brightest and most successful ministers of this Conference but now on the retired list, is still efficiently preaching the Gospel as opportunity offers. He has just returned from filling a four weeks' engagement in Vermont, where he preached eighteen times. He remarked to a friend on his return that he had not been "campaigning for McKinley, Bryan or Woolley, but for Jesus Christ and imperialism and expansion for our Lord and His kingdom."

KARL.

## NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

**Boston Preachers' Meeting.**—Rev. N. B. Fisk conducted the devotions. Rev. W. H. Meredith read an able, discriminating and helpful paper on "English and American Methodism Compared and Contrasted." A hearty and unanimous vote of thanks was given, and he was requested to publish the paper. Miss Miranda Croucher and Dr. Hopkins will address the meeting next Monday. Rev. W. F. Crafts, D. D.,

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TESTIFY TO THE ABSOLUTE PURITY OF  
**SLADE'S SPICES.**  
A. R. Gray, M.D. of New York, says in the American Journal of Health:  
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**PARALYSIS** Locomotor Ataxia conquered at last. Doctors puzzled. Specialists amazed at recovery of patients thought incurable, by **DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE FOOD.** Write me about your case. Advice and proof of cures free. **DR. CHASE, 224 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

being present, gave a stirring address on the vital moral issues which are to be brought into our national legislation.

### Boston District

**Boston, Bromfield St.**—At the communion service last Sunday 6 were received from probation (five of whom were Chinamen), 1 by letter and 2 on probation.

### Cambridge District

**Trinity, Charlestown.**—At a meeting of the third quarterly conference, held Oct. 1, the return of the pastor, Rev. R. F. Holway, for the fourth year was asked for by a rising and unanimous vote. Sunday, Sept. 23, was observed by this church as Old Folks' Sunday. A printed program, including the names of nearly forty of the old people; special carriages furnished for all who needed them; bouquets of flowers distributed to those who were present and sent to those who could not come; the singing of the old hymns, and a special sermon by the pastor, helped to make the day one of the most attractive in the calendar. The Epworth and Junior Leagues assisted the pastor in arranging for the service.

**Lowell, Central Church.**—This church, Rev. George H. Clarke, pastor, is rejoicing in increasing congregations, monthly additions to the membership, and a united and aggressive spirit manifested in all departments of church work. The attendance on Rally Sunday was the largest for several months. A home department has been organized in the Sunday-school and a large enrollment already secured. The union revival services of the five Methodist churches of Lowell were held in this church from Oct. 1-5, and were productive of much good, not only for the Central Church, but for Lowell Methodism.

**Fitchburg, Oak Hill.**—The pastor of the new chapel in Fitchburg, Rev. W. G. Richardson, has just closed a two weeks' preaching service with good results. Though the membership of the church is but 12, the probationers number 21. The debt has recently been reduced by the payment of \$450.

### Lynn District

**Lynn, First Church.**—The pastor, Rev. R. L. Greene, D. D., has just completed a course of beautiful and inspiring Sunday morning sermons on "The Faces of Christ." Last Sunday evening he gave the first of a series of discourses on the following subjects: "Our City," "Our Schools," "Our Messengers," "Our Firemen," and "Our Policemen." On the occasion of the delivery of the first of these sermons the great auditorium was completely filled, and a large audience tarried to the after-meeting. Leon C. Vincent will begin a course of lectures on Oct. 10 on the following subjects: "Franklin as a Man of Letters," "American Oratory," "American Humor," and "Kipling and Zangwill."

**Salem, Lafayette St.**—Sunday, Oct. 7, 8 were received into full membership and 2 were baptized. At the evening service three men came to the altar for prayers. There is a promising outlook in this church for a revival. Prof. F. R. Butler, the new superintendent, is planning for excellent work in the Sunday-school on the most approved methods, and is proving the right man in the right place. Rev. Charles Tilton is pastor.

### Springfield District

**Springfield Preachers' Meeting.**—On Sept. 24, Rev. W. J. Yates, of the New England Southern Conference, presented a thoughtful and discriminating paper on "Ruskin—His Life and Work."

**Trinity.**—This society, on Sept. 16, gave some \$57 for the sufferers from the Galveston disaster. They have also contributed to the India famine fund. Rev. A. C. Skinner has forwarded several new subscriptions to ZION'S HERALD. The attendance at Sunday-school, Sept. 23, was 317, with five new scholars. Sept. 30 was observed as Rally Day. In the morning the pastor preached on "The Church as the Sanctified Arm of the Lord," taking as His text, Isaiah 51:9: "Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord." In the evening special union services were held, to which all departments of the church work were invited. The general topic was "Our Foolish Excuses and What to Do with Them." Members of the church followed the pastor in impromptu remarks on the topic. At

the rally in the Sunday-school 357 members were present, beside over 100 visitors. The special program included exercises for the smaller children and special music by the choir and school.

**Grace Church.**—The Grace Church chapter of the Epworth League held its fall reunion last week. A supper was served at 7 o'clock, after which President L. H. Hosley welcomed the members and guests present and presented Rev. C. E. Spaulding as toastmaster. In the program which followed Mrs. G. W. Hall and Mr. C. H. Smith sang solos, and Mr. Stearns, Miss Schrader and Mrs. C. J. Hill outlined the League work for the coming season. The reading course of American history in fiction attracted particular interest. The principal address of the evening was delivered by Rev. W. A. Wood, of Central Church, Chicopee, who spoke upon the elements of the highest success in League work. Marcus Smith, president of the Springfield Epworth Union, Edward N. Whitaker, president of Wesley Church League, Rev. Charles Paulson, and Mrs. C. E. Spaulding



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Secured by First Mortgage on the valuable and well known Harvey D. Parker Farm, Framingham, Mass. 1 mile from Framingham Centre, 2 1-2 miles to So. Framingham Station and 3-4 mile to freight station at Saxonville.

125 acres, no waste land, nearly all tile drained, all worked by machinery; cuts 90 to 100 tons hay, accommodations for 75 head and 16 horses. (Have kept 110 head and 16 horses.) Mansion house, 18 rooms, cement cellar, furnace heat; barn 130 ft. long; 2 silos, 250 tons each; sheep shed, 60 feet; pigery, 90 ft.; with boiler room, 2 set boilers, slaughter house connected; wagon sheds, 2 workshops; carriage house, 40x40; colt barn, 50x30; never failing water, supplied by windmill, thrown into a slate tank in barn of 6700 gallons capacity. Fine orchard, 150 bbls. Gravensteins, 125 bbls. Baldwins in 1897, besides other varieties; 100 plum trees, raspberries, currants, peaches, Concord and Moore's Early grapes, 200 fine vines. Buildings in fine repair, situated on high land, shaded by beautiful elm and maple trees; 5 minutes' walk to street cars. Butter sells at door to parties who call for it; can sell all can make; 1200 bushels corn '97. All tools and machinery are of the best and latest make.

This farm will be run on scientific principles. The management agrees to declare Dividends of 20 per cent. on the estimated value of \$80,000.

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spoke, congratulating the League upon its present success and encouraging outlook.

**Wesley Church.**—As noted in the HERALD last week, the corner-stone of the new edifice was laid Sept. 28, a goodly congregation assembling with joy to celebrate the occasion. The formal exercises of the afternoon were succeeded by a social gathering in the evening. It is reported that there is a specially good spirit in the social meetings. This must be, to all lovers of Methodism, even more pleasing than the prospect of the erection of a stately edifice. In more than one instance that has come under the writer's notice, the moving into a new edifice has been followed by a season of religious dearth. The result ought to be just the contrary. It often is so. When the new church was built in Chicopee, some fifteen years ago, just at the close of the writer's pastorate, there was a gracious revival and a goodly ingathering in the two months between the dedication and the session of the Annual Conference. May the occupancy of its new building by Wesley Church be immediately succeeded by a revival more glorious than was ever known in State St., St. Luke's, or Union St. And may it begin before the society quits its present quarters.

**Chicopee Falls.**—This church recently was favored with the services of our Conference evangelist, Rev. L. B. Bates, D. D. For nearly two weeks he wrought faithfully, with excellent results in the way of conversion of sinners and reclamation of backsliders. Dr. Bates won universal commendation for the sweet spirit, the Christian manliness, the tact, the fidelity, the unwearied zeal of his ministrations. A large number have joined on probation. Happy is the Conference which is blessed with such a Conference evangelist! This is not an advertisement for Dr. Bates—for we understand that his time is all taken up for months to come. On a recent evening Dr. Pickles, of Westfield, preached to a large and interested congregation.

H.

## OIL CURE FOR CANCER

Dr. D. M. Bye, Indianapolis, Ind.:

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—I write to thank you for saving my life. I am now seventy-six years old; have had cancer for over twenty years. For the last six years it has been very bad—it was on my nose and under my right eye. Many physicians treated me. I was treated last by an old doctor, who claimed to cure cancer, but I got worse. My nose was eaten nearly off. I was afraid to wipe my nose for fear I would wipe the end of it off. My nose and face had swollen so that I could not see. My sufferings were so intense that I was compelled to go to bed, as I thought to die in despair. Some friend sent me the *Religious Herald*, published in Richmond, Va. Rev. H. H. Butler, who lives near me and who has visited me and given me much spiritual comfort during my sufferings, gave me your book, "The Message of Hope," saying while there was life there was hope. He wrote to you for me. You sent the oils and I used them and began to improve immediately, and it was not long before my nose began to heal nicely. The great sore under my eye healed up, and I am now well. Glory—glory to God! I am now living and those terrible sores are gone. I can't find language to express my gratitude to you, dear Doctor Bye, for what you have done for me. I wish everybody suffering knew of your oil cure. God bless you.

Yours, in grateful remembrance,

JESSE BALLARD, Suffolk, Va.

SUFFOLK, VA., May 8, 1895.

DEAR DOCTOR BYE—You have made one of the most remarkable cures in the case of Brother Jesse Ballard I ever knew. He was at death's door; now he is well. Rev. H. H. BUTLER.

Books and papers sent free to those interested. Address Lock Box 25, Indianapolis, Ind.

## R.I.P.A.N.S

Tossing, sleepless, on my pillow,  
Moaning, with an aching head.  
Nauseated, sick and suffering,  
Sad I lay upon my bed.  
To me came a friendly neighbor,  
Ripans Tablets in her hand—  
Just one helped me—more relieved me—  
Sing their praises through the land!

**WANTED.**—A case of bad health that R.I.P.A.N.S. will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R.I.P.A.N.S. on the package and accept no substitute. R.I.P.A.N.S. 10 for 5 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York.

To cure chronic indigestion and constipation perfectly and permanently. The Vernal Remedy Company of Buffalo, N. Y., will send a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine FREE AND PREPAID to any reader of ZION'S HERALD. It is a specific for all kidney, bladder and prostate troubles, and one dose a day cures.

## CHURCH REGISTER

### HERALD CALENDAR

Norwich Dist. Min. Asso. and Revival Convention at Trinity Church, Norwich, Oct. 15, 16  
Lewiston Dist. Min. Asso. at West Paris, Oct. 22-24

### POST OFFICE ADDRESS

Rev. George Skene, D. D., 67 Walnut Ave., Roxbury, Mass.

**WANTED.**—The recent death of Rev. W. V. Morrison, D. D., financial secretary of Malabar Seminary, occasions a vacancy in our "board of control." Any person who has the gift of a successful solicitor, well recommended, and would like to succeed Dr. Morrison, may address the president, Rev. Geo. M. Hamlen, D. D., Cottage City, Mass.

**CORNER-STONE LAYING.**—The corner-stone of the Brockton Central Church will be laid on Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 2.30 p. m. M. S. K.

### If Your Brain is Tired

#### Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Dr. T. D. CROTHERS, Supt. Walnut Lodge Asylum, Hartford, Conn., says: "It is a remedy of great value in building up functional energy and brain force."

W. F. M. S.—The annual meeting of the corporation of the New England Branch will be held in the Committee Room, 36 Bromfield St., Oct. 17, at 10 a. m.

A. W. PHINNEY, Clerk.

**NOTICE TO DELEGATES—IMPORTANT.**—Transportation to the annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society to be held in Chicago, Oct. 17-24: Railroad certificates for reduced return fare may be secured three days before the opening of the meeting, not counting Sunday; that is, they may be secured as early as Oct. 13; and they may be obtained for attendance upon the meeting as late as Oct. 19, not later than this date. Mrs. W. M. AMPT, Railroad Sec.

### Marriages

**HOWE—NORRIS**—In Wayne, Me., Oct. 4, by Rev. F. H. Hall, Cyrus B. Howe, of Greene, Me., and Ruth P. Norris, of Wayne.

**WALKER—GEE**—In Jamaica Plain, Boston, Oct. 4, by Rev. Jerome Wood, Arthur W. Walker and Florence A. Gee, both of Jamaica Plain.

**EATON—DUNHAM**—In Bucksport, Me., Sept. 24, by Rev. W. H. Maffitt, Wesley S. Eaton, of Bucksport, and Flora A. Dunham, of Orrington.

**SMITH—LOWELL**—In Bucksport, Oct. 3, by the same, Arthur E. Smith and Annie L. Lowell, both of Bucksport.

**JOHNSON—BENNETT**—In West Fitchburg, Oct. 3, at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. L. W. Adams, Albert Johnson, of Westminster, and Nora Bennett, of West Fitchburg.

### For Over Fifty Years

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP** has been used by children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

**NEWPORT METHODIST CENTENNIAL.**—The First Methodist Episcopal Church of Newport, R. I., will celebrate its 100th anniversary, Oct. 14 to 23, with an elaborate program of sermons, lectures, music and reunions. The sermons of the opening Sunday, Oct. 14, will be preached by Rev. W. I. Haven, D. D., of New York, secretary of the American Bible Society, and Rev. M. J. Talbot, D. D., the oldest living former pastor of First Church. On Monday evening, Oct. 15, Rev. Charles A. Crane, D. D., of Boston, will deliver a lecture on "Men." On Tuesday evening, Rev. Edwin H. Hughes, of Malden, will deliver a lecture on "The Church in Relation to Permanent Service." Wednesday evening, Rev. D. A. Jordan, D. D., of New York, and a former presiding elder of the Providence District, will deliver a lecture on "Early Methodism." Thursday evening, Rev. Erwin L. Thorpe, D. D., LL. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., will deliver a lecture on "An Evening with English Masters."

Friday, Oct. 19, has been designated as "Old Folks' Day," on which an all-day service will be held: At 11 a. m. Rev. Daniel A. Whedon, D. D., pastor of First Church in 1866-'67 and '82, will preach. At 12 a luncheon will be served. At 1.30, reception to former pastors. At 2, historical sketch by Mr. B. F. Thurston, and short addresses by former pastors. At 7.30, Rev. W. A. Luce,

of Rockville, Conn., pastor of First Church in 1890-'91, will preach.

Saturday evening, Oct. 20, there will be a musicale under the direction of Dr. Frederick Bradley, organist of First Church, assisted by the leading musicians of Newport.

Sunday, Oct. 21, will be the Centennial Day. An old-fashioned love-feast will begin the day. At 10.45 Rev. S. F. Upham, D. D., of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J., and son of a former pastor of First Church, will deliver the address. The Little Compton, Middletown, Swedish and Thames St. Churches, as children of First Church, will be guests at this service. At 7.30, Rev. Edward C. Bass, D. D., presiding elder of Providence District, and a former pastor of First Church, will preach.

Sunday, Oct. 22, Bishop W. F. Mallalien will preach at the morning service; and at 3 there will be a rally of the Junior and Epworth Leagues of the various Methodist churches in Newport, Bishop Mallalien delivering the address. At 7.30 the present pastor of the church, Rev. Thomas E. Chandler, will preach the sermon.

All friends and former pastors are invited to these services. The official board has arranged that all these services shall be free to the public.

**ALPHA CHAPTER.**—Boston University School of Theology Alpha Society reunion and dinner at Crawford House, Monday, Oct. 15, at 12.30 p. m. Reception to faculty. Paper by Rev. L. J. Birney, class of '99.

A. M. Osgood, Sec.

### Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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## AUTUMN PRAYER MEETINGS

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## 20th Century Exposition

Under auspices of Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, MECHANICS' BUILDING, BOSTON.

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10 A. M. to 10 P. M. Daily

The famous **Pittsburg Orchestra**, Victor Herbert, leader, with 50 trained musicians, a sensation in the musical line. Oct. 15 to 20—Twelve Grand Concerts.

**Specially Designed Souvenir Spoons**, Representing Sousa, Fancinelli, and Victor Herbert. The first 500 ladies purchasing admission tickets are given three of these spoons, the second 500 two, the third 500 one each. 3,000 spoons given away daily.

Admission 25 cents.

## Interesting Lectures

BY

Rev. George A. Crawford, D. D.

Chaplain U. S. Navy (Retired).

— TOPICS:—

The Land of the Rising Sun,  
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## OBITUARIES

Just gone within the veil, where I shall follow  
Not far before me, hardly out of sight,—  
I down beneath thee in this cloudy valley,  
And thou far up on yonder sunny height.

—Horatius Bonar.

**Puffer.**—Rev. William R. Puffer was born in Richford, Vt., Nov. 29, 1828, and died in the same town, July 29, 1900.

Mr. Puffer's early life was a struggle with poverty. His father had a large family, and lived on a small and new farm. When he was ten years old his mother died, and for a time the family was scattered. During the years of his youth he worked for farmers, attending the district schools during the winter months. He was converted when fourteen years of age. Early in life he was impressed with the idea that he must preach; and upon a more complete consecration to God, which took place when he was about twenty-one, he gave himself in his life-plan to the Christian ministry. He toiled hard to obtain an education, and attended two academies in Vermont. In 1852 he began to preach. His first appointment was Isle La Motte. At this time he was a local preacher serving under the presiding elder. In the spring of 1853 he was received as a probationer in the Troy Conference, and was a member of that Conference until northwestern Vermont was transferred to the Vermont Conference in 1860. During the remainder of his life he was a member of the Vermont Conference. His appointments were as follows: Isle La Motte, Colchester, Essex and Underhill, Highgate, Cambridge, Stowe, Sheldon, Swanton, Burlington, Waterbury Centre, West Enosburg, Franklin, Cambridge, Northfield, presiding elder of St. Johnsbury District '74-'77, Montgomery, Highgate, West Berkshire, Morrisville, and West Enosburg. It should be noticed that three of these charges he served for the second time. He was in the ministry forty-eight years—one year as a supply, and forty-seven years as a member of Conference.

Mr. Puffer never had firm health, and much of his work was done in weakness and suffering. In 1876, while serving as presiding elder, he had a severe illness. After this he almost constantly suffered until the time of his death. The last heavy work which he did was at Morrisville ('87-'88). During this pastorate a church building was erected. So greatly was he beloved by this people, and so greatly did they appreciate his services, that some time after he had left the charge the church was named "Puffer Memorial Church," and a memorial tablet was placed in the edifice. For several years he was upon the supernumerary and superannuated lists. In 1867, while superannuated, he supplied at Richford and did some of the most effective work of his life. During the last ten years he made Richford his home.

He was married twice—the first time, in 1853, to Miss Oriana L. Godfrey, of Chelsea, Vt., who died in childbirth in 1858, and mother and child were buried in the same coffin. In 1859 he was married to Miss Esther A. Kinsley, of Fletcher, who survives him. By the second marriage there were born four children—Rev. W. M. Puffer, D.D., presiding elder of Lansing District, Michigan Conference, Miss Hattie L. Puffer, Henry A. Puffer, a merchant in Richford, Vt., and Arthur, who died in 1880.

Mr. Puffer died of cancer. For four months he suffered greatly, and for two months his sufferings were intense. He was very calm and patient, and constantly prayed for patience. He faced death with the utmost peace of soul. One day he said: "I feel a great deal of the time like shouting 'Glory to God!'" On the last day of his life, when he expected to die in a few

hours, he said: "I am in the boat sailing over. They are coming for me over the hills of heaven. I have had a good many happy moments, but none happier than these." He was a good man. His religious life was free from ostentation, but his convictions of duty were firm. His ministerial brethren speak highly of his character and work. For several years he was a trustee of Montpelier Seminary. In 1876 he was honored by being elected a delegate to the General Conference. As an administrator he exercised good judgment. Never prodigal of his advice, he gave sound counsel when he gave any. As a preacher he had more than ordinary ability. As a pastor he was loving and kind. During the years of his superannuation he always sustained friendly relations with his pastors. They found in him a helpful friend, and he in return received their affection. One of the strong men of the Conference has fallen. His memory will long be cherished by those who knew him best.

The funeral services were in charge of his presiding elder, Rev. C. S. Nutter, D. D. Short addresses were given by his pastor, Rev. P. A. Smith, Rev. J. H. Wallace, an ex-pastor, and the writer. Borne by four of his ministerial brethren, his body was interred in the new cemetery at Richford, amid the scenes of his childhood.

L. OLIN SHERBURNE.

**Crawford.**—Mrs. Martha Crawford was born at Monson, Mass., Nov. 17, 1817, and died at Mashapaug, Conn., Sept. 14, 1900.

For nearly thirty years Mrs. Crawford had been a faithful member of the struggling Methodist Episcopal Church at Mashapaug, and prior to uniting with that church had been for many years a member of the Baptist Church at Wales, Mass. Thirty-five years ago her husband died and left her with the care of six children, four of whom survive the loss of a most loving, kind and devoted Christian mother. The only daughter now living is the wife of Rev. George W. Hunt, pastor of our church at St. Johnsbury, Vt. As a wife, neighbor, mother, and member of the church, she was always the loving, tender Christian, ever gentle in manner, mild in spirit, known in the little village where she had passed most of her life as a sympathetic friend and one who was thoroughly unselfish, thinking last of all of herself. She retained the use of her faculties to within a few days of her death, and was able to perform her usual household duties.

Mrs. Crawford was the minister's friend. His family table often gave evidence of her thoughtfulness. Her home hospitality to the pastor and family was without stint. She will be greatly missed from that little company of Christians who for years have bravely struggled to maintain public worship in their somewhat isolated village.

The funeral service was held at her residence on Sunday, Sept. 16, in charge of the pastor, Rev. C. E. Bromley. Rev. Geo. H. Bates, presiding elder of Norwich District, offered prayer and suitable words were spoken by the pastor and Rev. George W. Hunt. She rests from her labors and her works do follow her. H.

**Luce.**—Mary Elizabeth, wife of Rev. Willis A. Luce, of the East Maine Conference, died at the parsonage in Unity, Me., Aug. 27, 1900.

Mrs. Luce had just returned from a few weeks' rest at "the Lake," while her husband had been in Europe, and was making preparation to attend the "camp" at Northport when she was stricken down with the gripe, which soon terminated in pneumonia, from which she died.

She was a womanly woman of keen sensibilities and strict demeanor. She made strong friends and held them, but would not sacrifice principle for the sake of friendship. She was a faithful Christian worker, often working beyond her strength. She was especially interested in the young people, and possessed a peculiar talent for Junior work. During a part of the pastorate of the writer at Union, Me., where she resided before Mr. Luce entered the ministry, she was in charge of the infant department in the Sunday-school, in which work she was very successful. I knew her well, and no one knew her but to love her. She and her husband were among the warmest friends and strongest supporters of the writer during his pastorate in Union. Their home was always open to the pastor. It was in the home life that Mrs. Luce employed her talents most. She was a model mother and a faithful and devoted wife.

When her husband heard the call of the Master

to holy service, she was first to say "go," and in the brief period of their ministry she proved herself to be a very helpful assistant. Their presiding elder remarked to the writer soon after they entered upon the work of their present charge: "Sister Luce is a great worker. If they do not succeed it will not be her fault. She works harder than her strength will allow."

Mrs. Luce was born in Jefferson, Lincoln Co., Me., May 5, 1836. She led a praying life from a girl, and at the age of sixteen made a public profession of faith in Jesus. She was married to Willis A. Luce, Feb. 11, 1860, about which time she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was the mother of three children—Nelson Burband, Annie Elizabeth, Willis Foster. Nelson preceded his mother to the "better land," while Annie and Foster remain, and with their father and hosts of friends sincerely mourn their great loss. We bespeak the prayers of the church for this bereaved family. "Servant of God, well done!"

V. E. HILLS.

**Merrill.**—Mrs. Hannah Merrill was born in Barre, Mass., Dec. 30, 1826, and passed to her heavenly home from Dorchester, Mass., Aug. 19, 1900.

She was the daughter of Artemas and Sophia W. Howe, being one of thirteen children, all but one of whom reached adulthood, and all but one of whom preceded her in death. She was twice married—first to Milton Hall on May 10, 1848, by Rev. William B. Olds. Mr. Hall passed away Nov. 3, 1886. One son was born of this union—Charles M. Hall—who is now a member of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her second marriage was with Moses Merrill, of Sumner, Me., on March 11, 1889. She was left a widow for the second time by the death of her husband in July, 1898.

She was converted when about sixteen years of age in a neighborhood prayer-meeting in the house of Howe Fay, in one of the farming districts of her native town. She was the first one in her family to confess Christ as her Saviour, and for some time she was compelled to pursue her Christian life in the face of much persecu-

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tion and ridicule; but she stood fast by her profession, and immediately announced her purpose to give up the pleasures of the world to which she had been addicted, and follow Jesus Christ the rest of her days — a resolution which increased in strength with added years. In process of time she had the privilege of seeing father, mother, and nearly if not quite all her brothers and sisters members of the Christian Church, and in their conversion she was a leading human agent. One brother, Charles LaFayette Howe, entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and died a few years since an honored member of the Central New York Conference.

Mrs. Merrill was one of the charter members of the Methodist Church in Barre, joining it in 1843, and with the exception of a few years since her first husband's death, when she removed her connection to Trinity Church, Worcester, she has remained a member of the church of her early choice, and was a member at the time of her death. She was an active member of the church in the best sense of the term, always to be found in her place at all the services, and was second to none in her zeal and service among the people whether in or out of the church. She was specially active and successful as a worker in the Sunday-school among the small children, by whom she was much beloved. In her best days she was of that class of godly women who had great liberty and power in prayer and exhortation. She thoroughly believed in the great doctrines of the Bible, and meditation upon them moved her greatly. She was ardently devoted to the church, and was willing and glad to give her life to any form of service that would advance the Redeemer's kingdom.

The last ten years of her life were lived under the burden of great mental and physical suffering, and for a number of months her mind was more or less clouded. But even during these last years in her lucid moments she would exclaim: "Christ was never more precious than now."

By her death a brother is left alone as the sole surviving representative of a large family; an only son loses a loving and faithful mother, to whose prayers and counsels he owes more than tongue can tell; and the church on earth an efficient and earnest worker. But that head and heart, which for so many years have known so little rest, are at last at peace, and Christ has another redeemed soul as a jewel in His diadem.

GEO. M. BUTTRICK.

**Stone.** — Lewis C. Stone was born in Auburn, Mass., April 21, 1823, and died in Worcester, Mass., Sept. 6, 1900, in the 77th year of his age.

Mr. Stone came to Worcester in 1843. He was converted in 1860 in the Park St. Church, Worcester, during the pastorate of Rev. John H. Mansfield, and joined the church in 1867. For two or three years class-meetings were held in his home. He always took much interest in the church, and was a liberal giver according to his ability. He was actively interested in the construction of Trinity Church, successor to the Park St. edifice. For several years he was unable to attend church. Mr. Stone married, in 1848, Miss Abbie E. Stockwell, of Auburn. Three children were born to them — a son and two daughters. The widow, one daughter, and the son survive him. The funeral services took place at his home, conducted by the pastor of his church.

G. W. K.

**Williams.** — Mrs. Cordelia, wife of Philip Williams, was born in Livermore, Me., Jan. 22, 1831, and died of cancer in the stomach at her home in Livermore, Sept. 7, 1900.

Converted when quite young, she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she proved a faithful member until her translation. When able, her pew was never vacant; so constant was she, that when absolutely obliged to be absent, her pastor felt that something was lacking in the service. With an even disposition, a temper never ruffled, a meek, quiet, and gentle spirit, combined with a fervent trust in her Saviour, Mrs. Williams guided herself and the affairs of her home.

The church mourns its loss, the community

feels that it has indeed lost an estimable Christian woman from its midst; and the family, which consists of a husband, one daughter and a son, feel that they indeed have lost one whose place can never be filled. She was a constant lover and reader of ZION'S HERALD.

A very large attendance paid the last tribute to the deceased at the funeral services held at her home, Sept. 9. Rev. Chas. W. Dane officiated, speaking from, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

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## "Prohibition Within or Without the Third Party"

A Reply

REV. C. A. CRANE, D. D.

DEAR DR. PARKHURST: Your editorial on "Prohibition Within or Without the Third Party" calls for a reply, inasmuch as you have incorrectly stated the position of our church on the Prohibition question by omitting a most important and significant fact, *i. e.*, the action of the General Conferences of 1892 and 1900.

You assert: "The Maine Prohibitionists believe that the reform can best be carried on through the two dominating parties. For this reason they have refused to join the Third Party. The same condition is even more marked in the Methodist Episcopal Church." If the church believes that "the reform can best be carried on through the two dominating parties," will you, as a Methodist editor, have the kindness and fairness to explain how a church so believing could say in her legislature and supreme court: "No political party has a right to expect, nor should it receive, the support of Christian men so long as it stands committed to the license policy or refuses to put itself on record in an attitude of open hostility to the saloon?"

And since you have undertaken to show that true prohibition is by Methodists believed to be possible only through the two dominant parties, will you please account for the action of the New England Conference, and tell us what it meant when it said: "Resolved, That any political party, to deserve the respect and co-operation of Christian men, should openly pronounce, and strongly stand, for the prohibition of the liquor traffic?"

Let me say concerning Dr. Morgan's words that he makes the mistake common to pleaders for local option; he avoids the chief question, which is that of national prohibition. He loves the compromise which comes from local option, and offers no suggestion as to how citizens may

even do so much as protest against the national policy of license which makes every citizen a sharer in the spoils and immoralities of that system. The great moral question is avoided for the sake of little compromises in local fights. He puts all prohibitionists at the mercy of the two dominant parties, which are both committed to the perpetuation of the license system. He permits no protest as to the national evil in which we are all partners. Though the national army and the national internal revenue department invade prohibition States and defy the State laws, he suggests no help. He even forgets the most significant fact that prohibition is a failure, when it does fail, because the officials in power owe allegiance to a party which, as such, opposes prohibition. To expect Republican officials in Maine to execute prohibition laws is much like expecting gold men to labor for free silver.

Who can tell what effect partisan appeals have had on temperance legislation? Dr. Morgan assures us that "No partisan appeal has ever wrought any substantial good for the cause of temperance." How does he know? He neither does nor can know. Contrariwise, late news from Portland, where a prohibitionist has been elected sheriff to enforce laws Republicans have delighted to nullify, assures us that the whole State, including the chairman of the Republican State committee, has been aroused to the importance of enforcing the prohibitory laws. And does the good Doctor forget that the "Anti-Saloon League" was organized because of the effect of partisan appeals to support prohibition, and that that movement was for the purpose of side-tracking the Prohibition Party?

The history and the philosophy of political parties combine to refute his assertion that "no cause, however good or urgent, can ever hope for success while it stands alone." To champion the cause of abolition of slavery was, not long ago, sufficient to excite as much ridicule as prohibition now excites in New England. That, too, was a single and a dominating issue, to settle which one political party died beyond the hope of resurrection, which was one of the least of the troubles of those troublous times. In all the struggles between the two dominant parties, some one great question has stood for solution, except in those deplorable campaigns when personalities took the place of principle. The philosophy of political parties is quite as strong against the Doctor's position as is their history.

What are political parties for? If they are not to champion great moral questions, why should they vex us? Why be tolerated? Why are so many afraid that political prejudices may be excited by the introduction of the whiskey question into partisan politics? What right has the silver question, or the slavery question, or the expansion question, to absorb our political attention when a question greater than them all — whether you count money, morals or men — is tabooed and shut out from open and honest consideration? The assumption of such a position betrays ignorance of the office and functions of

political parties and is a most acceptable concession to the partisan and the boss. Horace Greeley said: "There is no legitimate use for any political party, except to embody and give effect to enlightened public sentiment." And Edmund Burke said: "A party is a body of men joined together for the purpose of promoting, by their joint endeavor, the national interest upon some particular principle upon which they are agreed." That is not only the philosophy of political parties, but it is refreshingly good sense.

Furthermore, Dr. Morgan's view encourages men to count themselves prohibitionists while they are continually allying themselves with the two great parties whose policy and practice put them as the champions of perpetuation of the saloon and the license system. To hear men loudly protest that they are prohibitionists while they vote with perpetuation parties reminds me of those independent Republicans who are regularly voting the Democratic ticket. Every voter will vote this fall either for the prohibition or the perpetuation of the license system. One, little, courageous party stands for prohibition, the two great dominating parties stand for perpetuation. Will you or Dr. Morgan tell us some real reasons why the whiskey business should not have the consideration of a national political party?

Peculiarly appropriate to this contention are the words of the saint who once was the editor of ZION'S HERALD — the lamented Gilbert Haven: "It is one of the devices of Satan, by which he seeks to harden your hearts against the truth and make you deaf to your duty against the greatest sin of this or any age — that the servant of Christ must not expose it because forsooth it has compelled a political party to become its most active slave. What is this consecrated politics that is beyond the reach of the word of God and too sacred to be condemned by Him? Away with such blasphemous folly! I ask no pardon for entering this arena, nor should you."

East Boston, Mass.

## Wesleyan Academy

THE Wesleyan Academy has opened with an increased attendance over a year ago. The electric lights and other new furnishings are much appreciated. The large proportion of students in preparation for college is maintained. Of nineteen young men in the present senior class, all but two are getting ready for advanced courses of study. Last year's graduates are entered at Boston, Amherst, Smith, Harvard, Yale, Williams and Wesleyan.

The present school is gathered largely from New England and New York, but includes representatives from distant States and Porto Rico, Japan and Italy. The New England, New England Southern, New York, Maine and Troy Conferences are there in the presence of ministers' children. Two changes in the faculty are noted: Miss Eda Briggs succeeds Miss Sally P. Peck in the charge of the Art Department. Miss Peck sails soon for Japan to teach under the auspices of the Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Mr. H. F. Kauthleiner, the former instructor in Latin, has accepted a Greek professorship in Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa. This chair is filled by the election of H. Justin Colburn, M. A., a recent graduate of Harvard, whose father, Rev. Samuel H. Colburn, will be pleasantly remembered by the older members of the Vermont Conference.



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